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THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC VERSE

Compiled by
THEODORE MAYNARD

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To
WILFRID MEYNELL

1406

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THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC VERSE

INTRODUCTION

I

There are people who object to the term "Catholic Poetry." Though the objection generally comes from those who are indifferent to religion, it is occasionally heard even upon the lips of the devout.

But though all poetry is not Catholic, there is such a thing as Catholic poetry. And to deny it is to commit that most fundamental of critical errors: the separation of literature from life. Every universal conception produces its own manner in art. So we may say that there may be, and indeed that there is, a Pagan poetry, and a Mohammedan poetry, and even a Sceptical poetry; and that these consist, not of verses necessarily dealing with Pagan or Mohammedan themes or the general subject of Scepticism, but of poetry informed by these various philosophies, which gives to them, sometimes clearly and sometimes vaguely, a special tone and color. The same claims must be admitted for Catholicism.

Protestantism, however, has not, with one remarkable exception, produced poets. And the reason is that Protestantism is a negative thing spiritually and is positive only as a method of political and social organization. Nearly every one of the poets who have done their work in a Protestant world has been a rebel against the standards of that world; those who have not been rebels have preserved their spiritual dignity by ignoring the "system" under which they lived. Shelley's attitude was possible; Arnold's gentle scepticism was possible; but Tennyson's

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attitude was not possible, and that is why his poetry, which was an attempt at compromise, has fallen into disrepute. But the fact is that when a poet of our civilization prays, his face turns at once towards Rome. This may be seen in Blake with his extravagant doctrine of forgiveness and his anthropomorphism—

> God appears, and God is light
> To those poor souls who dwell in night;
> But doth a human form display
> To those who dwell in realms of day.

It may be seen in the romantic poets who, following the Augustan Age—an age dominated by Dryden and Pope, both Catholics, and by Johnson, who most certainly ought to have been one—prepared the way, though unconsciously, for the Catholic revival of the Nineteenth Century. It is not without significance that Wordsworth wrote what is perhaps the finest single line in English on the Blessed Virgin—

> Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

And Coleridge could not rest content with the icy humanitarianism of Unitarianism, though he stuck half-way on the road to Rome in the Church of England.

It is much the same with the later poets: with Morris and his practical mediævalism; with Christina Rossetti—born to have been a nun; and with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who could not escape the Catholicism in his blood, when he wrote "The Blessed Damosel" and his magnificent poem on our Lady—

> Now sitting fourth beside the Three,
> Thyself a woman-trinity,—
> Being a daughter borne to God,
> Mother of Christ from stall to rood,

And wife unto the Holy Ghost:—
Oh when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike!

Then there are Longfellow, whom Dante almost converted, feeling as a Catholic while he wrote his introductory sonnets to the *Divina Commedia;* and Edgar Allan Poe with his Marian hymn.

And in our own time we have Yeats affected by the Catholic tradition of his country; and Edgar Lee Masters, struck with the majesty of the Faith, writing "St. Peter the Rock," and Vachel Lindsay, kneeling overawed by the mystery of the Mass.

The imaginative man cannot, indeed, escape the fascination of Catholicism, and even the dull or ignorant man who is impervious to it lives in a civilization which is the fruit of the Creed. So the sceptical Spaniard, George Santayana, looks on at a service in King's College Chapel, and wonders how the Cambridge dons, listening to the courtly prayer in that shrine, should have so forgotten their origins.

One alone remembers;
Only the stranger knows their mother tongue.

We have, however, the case of Milton. A solitary case, because Spenser, though a Protestant by deliberation, showed unwittingly his Catholic heart again and again in *The Faerie Queene.* Yet even Milton cannot wholly be claimed by Protestantism. Puritanism is embedded in his poetry—Puritanism, the one consistent form of Protestantism—but Milton was made a poet by the Renascence. He is forever attacking "Gay religions full of pomp and gold," but his own verse is full of pomp and gold, and his own life would have been gayer if his religion had been gay.

Milton lives for his style. The theology of his epic is indigestible, and is matter for learned footnotes. And as for any devotional feeling in it, well, it would not be unjust to say that Milton's God was not quite a gentleman.

Consequently nobody reads Milton for the religion in him. But Dante's theology is still alive because it is the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas and the Church. And Crashaw's mysticism still fires the heart. And Patmore's doctrine has been the great discovery in the lives of those prepared for it. And Thompson's poems have been a solace to many a priest, and to still more who are not priests but whom the love of God pursues. The favorite reading of at least one Plymouth Brother is "The Hound of Heaven." That and Father Faber's hymns.

But though Catholicism produces its poets, that does not mean to say that verse written by Catholics is always, or even is usually, good. Emerson once remarked, "The Catholic Church is the Church of poets," but he put a sting in the tail by adding, "Would that it were!" By which I suppose he meant that it ought to be.

But it *is* the Church of poets, though some of the poets deserve heavy penances for the verses that they write. At least they would deserve heavy penances if skill in literary expression was the sole point at issue. But it is not. The pious verses that clutter up Catholic magazines, and more that is even too bad for such magazines, may be explained. They are bad simply because Catholicism is good. They are written by people who are in love—and we all know how atrocious love-poetry generally is! Catholicism *is* poetry, and for that very reason the poet finds a difficulty in being able to convey it. He experiences real emotion, which gets in his way when he starts to write. For though all good poems are the fruit of

emotion, a great many of the world's worst poems are also the fruit of an emotion too vague or vast or intense for the amateur artist to control and to direct to an artistic end.

I was once mildly scandalized by a remark a nun made to me. She was speaking of the work of some pious poetaster and said, "Of course it's rather awful stuff, but it's all right for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament." I am inclined, upon reflection, to think that she was right. God does not expect everybody to be able to write an *Adoro Te.*

Yet there is the *Adoro Te;* and there are the *Dies Irae,* and the *Stabat Mater,* and the *Pange Lingua.* And in English there is a rich treasury of Catholic verse. Prose has to be conceded to the Protestants—though I do not forget that Dryden and Newman and Alice Meynell and Hilaire Belloc are among the greatest of English prose stylists—but our verse remains true to the kindred points of heaven and home. I am tempted to change the word to Rome.

II

But all this does not mean that a Catholic poet—or any Catholic—must be forever preoccupied with religion. In fact unless a man knows how to take religion on due occasion with levity his sincerity—or at any rate his spiritual health—may be doubted. Catholicism does not demand that men should live upon the pitch of ecstasy, with nerves stretched to breaking-point. For the Church knows too much to demand any such thing. She knows too much not to discourage it. The Catholic therefore often strikes the Protestant as careless and casual, simply because he takes his religion for granted. It is implicit, a part of all his thoughts, words and deeds, the color of

his mind, the atmosphere he breathes. Therefore he can afford to forget it except at such times as it is impossible for him not to remember it. Protestants may live as Milton did "forever in their great Task-Master's eye." But what an appalling life! What a terrible idea—that of the Task-Master!

Accordingly an anthology of Catholic poetry should not confine itself to devotional themes. One need not even be able fearlessly to assert that each one of the poems it contains could only have been written by a Catholic. Allowance must be made for mood and for idiosyncrasy in it, just as allowance must be made for them in the Church and in the world. The Catholic will, since he is a human being, feel what other human beings feel. He will love and hate and fight and repent and play and feast. He will do each in his own distinctive fashion, and write about them in his own distinctive fashion, but nine-tenths of his actions and emotions will be those shared by other men. His plain humanity, however, will be made more human because it is sweetened and preserved by certain supernatural conceptions. As the greatest of modern Catholics has sung:

> It is only Christian men
> Guard even heathen things.

But though not every poem in a collection of poems by Catholics will exhibit its writer's Faith, any such collection taken as a whole will reveal the Catholic spirit as well as a catholic spirit. Even in those poems where Catholicism does not appear it will generally be felt. A poem like Mr. Belloc's "Courtesy," for example, could have been written by no one except a Catholic. One not of the Household of Faith might have got up the Catholic terms correctly, but he could never have acquired the

Catholic tone. And it is this Catholic tone that comes into a poem like "The South Country," where no specifically Catholic thing is so much as hinted at. "Our Sister the Spring" . . . "The God of the South Country"—that is all. It is enough.

The Protestant might drink beer—fortunately most Protestants do, except in America (where they drink Moonshine instead)—but it is impossible to imagine a Protestant writing a religious drinking song. The very fine anthology recently compiled by Mr. Cameron Rogers and published under the title *Full and By* may serve to illustrate this point. The editor, and that brilliant draftsman, Mr. Edward A. Wilson, who drew the pictures for the volume, are evidently very good fellows. But the songs are for the most part about the ferocious fire in the head of the morning after instead of the genial glow in the heart of the night before. The singers have sung with Bromo-Seltzer instead of wine on the table before them. And Mr. Wilson introduced in almost every instance a devil into his pictures. The only designs free of the cloven hooves and the infernal trident were those made to accompany such drinking songs as were written by Catholics.

And rightly so. For God and not the devil presides over the festive board where Catholics sit. For this reason Mr. Belloc wrote his superb "Drinking Song on the Pelagian Heresy," uttering as he did so, as a learned Jesuit said to me, a condemnation even stronger than that of St. Germanus. Yet when I said casually in a broadcast speech that Mr. Chesterton was nowhere in his writings more Catholic than in his drinking songs, I stirred up a hornet's nest of criticism. However, in the pious hope of annoying again some of the people who were annoyed then, I repeat my remark.

Water is on the bishop's board and the higher-thinker's shrine—
But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.

I bring this in here because it cannot be avoided. It is an element in Catholicism, as the Rev. Christian F. Reisner was acute enough to see when he declared roundly that "the Anti-Saloon League is the Protestant Church of America." But it is only a minor element. Catholic poetry—indeed, poetry of any sort that springs out of a wholesome and natural attitude towards life—will include it, but merely as one of those Pagan things now guarded only by Christian men. The reader of Catholic verse will range from Chesterton to Tabb, in whom may be found a different kind of poetry, and yet a Catholic poetry; from Cardinal Newman he may go to Father Hopkins; from Padraic Colum to Father O'Donnell; from Patmore to Mangan; from Alice Meynell to Aline Kilmer. All Catholic and all quite different. For the unity of the Church does not necessitate uniformity.

III

England, America and Ireland have contributed in roughly equal parts to modern Catholic poetry. There are Father Dollard in Canada, and Eileen Duggan in New Zealand. But, apart from these and one or two other "Colonials," the Catholic poetry written in English is the work of three nations.

The literary revival—unfortunately it cannot yet be called a popular one—began in England under the leadership of Newman. But though the great Cardinal has put his mark upon every intellectual Catholic since his time, he was only incidentally a poet, and when poetic expression came it was in the personalities of men like

de Vere—in whom it was graceful, academic, but somewhat deficient in force—or of men like Faber, who squandered his fine talents in the hasty writing that the urgency of need demanded.

One very great and original poet, however, arose: Patmore. Justice has never been done him. His flame is so still and intense and pure that it appears, at first sight, to be frozen. And he practised what he preached to such an extent that a strong prejudice on account of his three marriages has been created against him in many quarters where sympathy might have been looked for. Nevertheless he will always find readers to whom his doctrine opens a new heaven and a new earth, and he will fecundate other poets, as he has already been the master of Francis Thompson.

It was well for Thompson that he came under the influence of Patmore, for Patmore disciplined his mind and gave him the form of his major poems, though not their style. And Alice Meynell, though she was too wise to try to change the nature of a poet who was born to be a rhapsodist, curbed to some extent his tendency to excessive exuberance. Her own exquisite distinction completes and balances the work of her two great contemporaries. She was Patmore's *confidante*. I shall never forget the gesture or the tone of voice she used when she said, "I am the repository of Patmore's secret doctrine." (For with the rash burning of the *Sponsa Dei* the full exposition of the mystic's teaching was lost to the world.) Yet there was nothing Patmorean about Mrs. Meynell's work. She understood the nature of her own art and its scope too well ever to encroach upon another's field.

Their age produced other notable Catholic poets, of lesser stature indeed, but each authentic. Hawker, the eccentric parson of Morwenstow; Gerard Hopkins, the

Jesuit, shyly keeping his involuted and difficult verses from all but a few eyes; the two ladies who wrote under the name of Michael Field, with their exceedingly powerful tragedies and their rather disappointing shorter poems; and Lionel Johnson, with his learning, his charm and his romantic temper, all expressed in a verse loaded with Latin—

Melancholy remembrances and vesperal.

Johnson, though he accepted the Faith in early manhood, belongs in part, by his form and his ornate style, to the period of the Decadence. The Church fascinated all the men of the period, though most of them (unlike Johnson and Father John Gray) came into the Church only at the end. These were Beardsley, an artist in every line that he wrote as in every line that he drew; and Wilde, who began his strange literary career with poems for Father Matthew Russell's magazine; and Lord Alfred Douglas; and Dowson, who turned from Cynara's roses and wine to poems about the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration and the Carthusians. A sort of minor Huysmans.

A robuster age dawned. A new note was struck in literature by the Chesterbelloc. Catholicism came gaily to the attack upon the weariness of the modernist mood. Mr. Chesterton violently reacted against the æstheticism of the Eighteen Nineties, not knowing that it was doomed to pass, feeling himself to be the last champion of failing sanity, and meeting his great brother in arms, Hilaire Belloc. By Belloc the Chestertonian intuitions were confirmed, and, after G. K. C. had invented Catholicism unaided out of his own head, he discovered Catholicism. It was a breathless adventure, and the uproarious humor and high spirits of these champions of the Cross have accom-

plished at least as much as has their invincible dialectic. Little of their writing has been in verse, very little in the case of Belloc. But Belloc with the clear-cut simplicity he has always at his command: with lines such as

> The corn at harvest and a single tree;

or:

> Dawn shall over Lethe break—

supplements the towering and fantastic eloquence of his friend here as in other departments of Chesterbellocian activity.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, always apart from other men, though mixing with all kinds, is apart even as a poet. Nearer to the characteristic note struck by Catholic poetry in England is the work of Helen Parry Eden, with her wit and graceful fancy, of Enid Dinnis, with her playfulness, and of Wilfred Childe, with his ecstatic Gothicism. And we must not forget that Ronald Knox and Maurice Baring have been affected by the Chesterbelloc.

The Irish contribution to modern Catholic poetry is quite distinct from the English. The earlier group, men like Denis Florence McCarthy, Edward Walsh and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, derived much—as was inevitable—from Thomas Moore, who falls outside the scope of the modern Catholic Revival. The greatest of these early names is Mangan's. He did much to reintroduce the masculinity of Gaelic culture into Anglo-Irish verse, and managed, somehow, to suggest Ireland even in his pseudo-translations of Oriental poems.

> I see thee ever in my dreams,
> Karaman!
> Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
> Karaman! O Karaman!

As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

But we know that he was thinking of Ireland while he was writing of Karaman. We can feel, too, the tragedy of his own life uttering itself in the disguise of his marvellous poem on Siberia as surely as in the almost unbearably frank autobiography of "The Nameless One."

In Siberia's wastes
The Ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothèd steel.
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Mangan initiated a great deal. But the work he began did not bear fruit at once. It was not till the end of the century that the Gael grew again fully conscious of his own culture. Then the Irish literary movement was born. It remained, however, at some points apart from the national life. The greatest of its poets, Mr. Yeats, was not a Catholic. Neither are A. E. and James Stephens Catholics. The reason is that practically only Protestants in Ireland have leisure and opportunity for literature. And politics have absorbed too much of the national energy. Men like Pearse and Plunkett and MacDonagh had to spend too much of their time in restoring the Gaelic language and in rebuilding the nation to give their other gifts free play. Moreover, all of them were young, with their best work still to be done, when they faced the firing-squad after Easter Week in 1916. Ledwidge, with his eyes full of the Irish landscape, died in the War, as did Kettle.

The best of contemporary Irish poets are Katharine Tynan, whose work has charming tenderness but also a monotonous facility, Joseph Campbell and Padraic Colum. The work of each is rooted in the Irish soil from which it draws sweetness and serenity and gentleness and strength.

Poetry in America, particularly Catholic poetry, started late. The early work is crude, though sometimes vigorous. There are, for examples, Randall's stirring "Maryland, My Maryland," and Father Ryan's rough, rhetorical poems. Both these men were Southerners. The North had not then produced a Catholic poet.

The South also produced Father Tabb. In him the Faith found its first genuine singer born in the United States. And he is doubly remarkable because the kind of work that Randall and Ryan had done was very far removed from his own delicate and subtle verse. His originality is shown in his apparent lack of literary origin. He admired Keats and he admired Shelley, but he is not in the least like either. Mrs. Meynell said that his only match in the language for simplicity and security was Herbert. But as one quotes the comparison the difference of the two poets to each other yawns at one's feet. I might bring Herrick in. Or allude to Landor's epigrams. But Tabb would still escape classification.

He was a poet of fancy, rather than of imagination, and his verse could contain only one image at a time. But how perfectly each isolated thought is expressed in its turn! He hears a bird's song, like his own

> Brief to the ear, but long
> To love and memory.

He sees a rose, and with it all mortality.

Thy tender leaves enfold
Life's mystery:
Its shadow falls alike on thee and me.

He carries a blossom away and finds it withered next day.

She missed the measureless expanse
Of heaven, and heaven her countenance.

And, while he thinks of the Repentant Thief of Calvary. his wit flashes:

Was ever mortal penance brief
As mine? One instant of belief!—
Turnkey of Heaven, beware—a thief!

Father Tabb's first book of poems was published in 1882. Two years later Louise Imogen Guiney's *Songs at the Start* was published in Boston. The North had produced the first and the finest of its Catholic poets. John Boyle O'Reilly had slightly preceded Miss Guiney, but he was born in Ireland and transplanted to America. Moreover, few of his pieces have real literary merit, and these generally strike the reader as accidents, occurring where they do in a mass of merely competent—occasionally incompetent—versification.

But there can be no doubt about Louise Imogen Guiney. She was as skilled as Tabb, though her skill was of a more common kind, and she had a higher degree of imagination, and a robustness that was almost masculine without ever being in danger of ceasing to be feminine. Her work is full of the qualities she admired so ardently, admired so romantically—

They to whom the heavens must ope:
Candour, Chastity, and Hope.

But Tabb's reputation and Miss Guiney's have been eclipsed by the overwhelming prestige that Joyce Kilmer

has won. I hope it is obvious that I can say without the slightest intention of disparaging Kilmer, that too often American Catholics think he has run away with everybody's laurels. He was a good poet, and would have been an even better one had not the daily grind of journalism left him little time to practice the finer forms of literature. There was gusto in all that he did and a healthy and manly spirit. One day I was at the office of the *New Witness* when Cecil Chesterton dropped in. He was in uniform and on leave. In his hand was a copy of Kilmer's poems, which I had not seen at that time. He said, "Look at this!" and he opened the book at the lines on the Young Poet who shot himself.

> You could not vex the merry stars
> Nor make them heed you, dead or living.
> Not all your puny anger mars
> God's irresistible forgiving.

It fell out that a few months later I told Cecil (himself fated to die in the war) of Kilmer's death. He and Kilmer were kindred spirits.

During the war and since the war there has been a formidable outburst of poetry in America. It occurred in England too, but it appears to have died down there. In America it goes on. In that movement Catholics have taken their part, and though few new names of outstanding importance have arisen among them, so much good work is being done in all parts of the country that the future is bright with promise. The best of these younger poets are Father Charles L. O'Donnell, a not unworthy successor to Tabb, Aline Kilmer, whose work is even finer than her husband's was, and Francis Carlin. All these have done work of genuine distinction, and will probably do things greater than they have yet accomplished.

Five other American poets must be specially noticed: Joel Chandler Harris, author of several masterpieces in his own *genre;* Thomas A. Daly, a dialect poet and a poet in academic English, as his ode on the Thrush shows; Thomas Walsh, well known for his scholarly work; Shaemas O'Sheel, though he now writes too seldom; and Agnes Tobin. Miss Tobin has composed very little original verse, but her translations of Petrarch catch and convey the authentic fire. Mr. W. B. Yeats may have exaggerated when he said that she is the finest poet that America has produced since Whitman, but it is certain that she deserves a high place in American letters and will ultimately receive it though she is at present neglected.

One other point should perhaps be noticed. It is curious that nearly all the English Catholic poets are converts. Ireland's is a case apart, though three Irish poets—de Vere, Wilde and Johnson (if his Gaelic blood was not a myth)—were not born in the Fold. Hardly more than three of America's Catholic poets are converts. But they are among the most important, for Tabb is one. And the Kilmers are others.

I mention the point because recent Catholic literature does seem to have been, for the greater part, the work of converts. The acceptance of the Faith makes a poet, or at any rate makes the convert wish that he were a poet. A clever compatriot of mine said to me the other day, "The best thing that can happen to anybody is to have been born and brought up in England . . . and to have come to America." I feel almost tempted to change the terms and say: "The best thing that can happen to anybody is to have been born and brought up a Protestant, and then to have come to Rome." But I will not say it, for I know, being a convert myself, how much I missed in childhood and youth. But it may be that it is the knowing of this that makes poets of converts.

Judith Acton

Miss Acton was born in Ireland and is a convert. She is now living at Oxford.

IN A WOOD

Air that once was breath of Thine,
Rain that lavèd limbs divine,
Earth that did Thy body make:
Something must of Thee partake.

Small red fox and springing hare,
Birds, and all wild creatures, share
Glory that the Angels wear.

Rachel Annand

Mrs. Annand Taylor, in addition to being the author of several volumes of pungently ironical poems, is an authority upon the Italian Renaissance. She is a convert to the Catholic Faith and lives at Edinburgh.

THE JOYS OF ART

As a dancer dancing in a shower of roses before her King
(A dreamer dark, the King)
Throws back her head like a wind-loved flower, and makes her cymbals ring
(O'er her lit eyes they ring);

As a fair white dancer strange of heart, and crowned and
shod with gold,
My soul exalts before the Art, the magian Art of old.

TO THE HEAD OF A GREEK BOY

(British Museum)

Since you are beautiful, for your proud head
I'll make a garland, loveliest of the Dead,
The nameless Dead.—Well! kinder than your plinth,
I'll give you a sweet name, dear Hyacinth,
For you were playmate of the jealous gods,
The splendid racer o'er the soft green sods.
A little cruel? Cruelty's a charm
In you that cannot mine enchantment harm,
Since cruelty in all perfection is.—
So let a lover of perfection kiss.
You'll bite my mouth? O Hyacinth, what need
To tell me that who kisses you must bleed?

THE END OF THE DUEL

There's an end to the duel long fought in the Dark
In the dangerous moonlighted Past.
Monseigneur my God, a chivalrous lady
Surrenders at last.

Idly magnanimous, tolerant, intolerant
Of cowards, frank, fierce, Florentine,—
Monseigneur my God, a chivalrous lady
Thou alone canst divine.

If I be defeated, 'tis by inviolate
Stroke of Thy mystical Lance.
Monseigneur my God, a chivalrous lady
Still dares risk her chance.

If I be unvizored, I gaze at my victor
With smiling and reconciled eyes.
Monseigneur my God, play fair by the lady—
Unhelm ere she dies.

Sister Mary Angelita

Sister Angelita is a nun of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and is teaching at Mount St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa.

DUST

Rich and strange thy history,
Essence of mortality,
Part and parcel of God's plan
When he molded earth and man,
Fabric of the quick and dead,
Framework of the earth we tread,
All the trails in all the lands
And the shifting brown sea sands;
Glowing in the wayside rose;
Sport of every wind that blows;
Spurned beneath our careless feet
As a thing for scorning meet,
High espousals thine,—the clod
Wedded to the breath of God.

Proudly hast thou played thy part,
Throbbed in mighty Caesar's heart,
Gleamed in Helen's peerless eyes,
Stirred the air with Sappho's sighs,
Made the marble breathe and glow
At the touch of Angelo,
Wielded the victorious blade
In the clasp of Joan, the maid,
And o'er Dante's page divine
Traced each burning, deathless line.

Solvent of humanity,
All things earthly come to thee;
Serf and monarch, fool and sage,
Golden youth and withered age,
Pomp of Nineveh and Tyre,
Court and temple, shaft and spire,
Stately Greece and lordly Rome,
Cobweb arch and bubble dome,
Live their day, and then return
To o'erflow thy brimming urn.
When the heavens, like a scroll,
At the voice of doom uproll,
When the earth and sky by fire
Melt in one vast funeral pyre,
Thou, O Dust, sole earthly thing,
To eternal life shalt spring;
Leap to clothe the ransomed soul
With a garment rich and whole,
Weaving round the blanching bone
Living vesture all its own,
Glowing flesh all firm and fair,
Ruddy lip and gleaming hair,

And the thrilling crimson stain
Of each artery and vein.
Then, transfigured, glorified,
Kingly spirit's lowborn bride,
Raised unto his high degree,
Thou shalt reign immortally
In the bodies of the just,—
Apotheosis of dust.

Maurice Baring

1874-

The Hon. Maurice Baring is a son of Lord Revelstoke. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Entering the diplomatic service in 1898, he served in Paris, Copenhagen and Rome. In 1909 he became a convert to the Catholic Faith. He was a special correspondent during the Russo-Japanese and the Balkan wars. The list of his books is a long one and covers many departments of literature.

IN MEMORIAM, A. H.

(Auberon Herbert, Captain Lord Lucas, R.F.C., killed November 3rd, 1916)

The wind had blown away the rain
That all day long had soaked the level plain.
Against the horizon's fiery wrack,
The sheds loomed black.
And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,
The streaming clouds, shot-riddled banners, wet
With the flickering storm,
Drifted and smouldered, warm

With flashes sent
From the lower firmament.
And they concealed—
They only here and there through rifts revealed
A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,
A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said:
That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread
Were like the fanciful imaginings
That the young painter flings
Upon the canvas bold,
Such as the sage and the old
Make mock at, saying it could never be;
And you assented also, laughingly.
I wondered what they meant,
That flaming firmament,
Those clouds so grey, so gold, so wet, so warm,
So much of glory and so much of storm,
The end of the world, or the end
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my friend.

Alas! it meant not this, it meant not that:
It meant that now the last time you and I
Should look at the golden sky,
And the dark fields large and flat,
And smell the evening weather,
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.
The last, last time. We nevermore should meet
In France or London street,
Or fields of home. The desolated space
Of life shall nevermore
Be what it was before.

No one shall take your place.
No other face
Can fill that empty frame.
There is no answer when we call your name.
We cannot hear your step upon the stair.
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.
Something is broken which we cannot mend.
God has done more than take away a friend
In taking you; for all that we have left
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.
There is none like you. Yet not that alone
Do we bemoan;
But this: that you were greater than the rest,
And better than the best.
O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song,
The forest's nursling and the favoured child
Of woodlands wild—
O brother to the birds and all things free,
Captain of liberty!

Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown;
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet;
We wondered could you tarry long,
And brook for long the cramping street,
Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn
The crowded market-place—and not return?
You found a sterner guide;
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,
Your dreams were laid aside;
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire
Upon a burning pyre;

1406
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JOLIET, ILL.

You gave your service to the exalted need,
Until at last from bondage freed,
At liberty to serve as you loved best,
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,
After the winter of war,
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,
After such night of ravage and of rain,
You shall not come again.
You shall not come to taste the old spring weather,
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.
We shall be there, alas!
But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth,
Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew
More fiercely for us than the need of you?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said
That you were missing, "missing, missing—dead":
I cried when in the morning I awoke,
And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak;
But when I saw the sun,
And knew another day had just begun,
I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot
The nightmare's ugly blot.
So was the dream forgot. The dream came true.
Before the night I knew
That you had flown away into the air
For ever. Then I cheated my despair.
I said
That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.
Alas! I knew
Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,
There came the certain news that you were dead.
You had died fighting, fighting against odds,
Such as in war the gods
Aethereal dared when all the world was young;
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,
Nor Hector nor Achilles never knew,
High in the empty blue.

High, high, above the clouds, against the setting sun,
The fight was fought, and your great task was done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last
The bravest was and best;
Meet ending to a long embattled past,
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,
Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,
And diadem of honourable death;
Swift Death aflame with offering supreme
And mighty sacrifice,
More than all mortal dream;
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate;
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.
Surely with soul elate,
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,
And surely your prophetic spirit knew
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,
No burning Might-have-been,
No bitter after-taste,
None to censure, none to screen,
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent;
Only content, content beyond content,
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, Who had made you valiant, strong and swift,
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,
Gave back your youth to you,
And packed in moments rare and few
Achievements manifold
And happiness untold,
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.
He let you leave a name
To shine on the entablatures of truth,
For ever;
To sound for ever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags
Of clouds, like tattered flags,
Concealed; you reached the walls of chrysolite,
The mansions white;
And losing all, you gained the civic crown
Of that eternal town,
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you
In that high place;
You met there face to face
Those you had never known, but whom you knew:
Knights of the Table Round,
And all the very brave, the very true,
With chivalry crowned;
The captains rare,
Courteous and brave beyond our human air;

Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,
Now free from the world's touch.
And with them were the friends of yesterday,
Who went before and pointed you the way;
And in that place of brightness, light and rest,
Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep
Over their King's long sleep,
Surely they made a place for you,
Their long-expected guest,
Among the chosen few,
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall
You hear the trumpet's call,
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,
Re-echo through the deep
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,
And with a shout to hail
The sunrise on the city of the Grail:
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell
Missed more than all the joys that he forwent.
You hear the solemn bell
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled;
And then you know that somewhere in the world,
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,
They think of you, and when you think of them
You know that they will wipe away their tears,
And cast aside their fears;
That they will have it so,
And in no otherwise;
That it is well with them because they know,
With faithful eyes,
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,

That it is well with you,
Among the chosen few,
Among the very brave, the very few.

Aubrey Beardsley

1872-1898

Beardsley is the one really great figure among the decadent group of the Eighteen Nineties. He wrote only three poems, all of which appeared—as did his unfinished novel, *Under the Hill,* in the *Savoy* during its single year of life. After the symptoms of consumption appeared in him, he became a Catholic, and displayed a most penitential piety, which appears in the volume of his letters gathered together and edited by Father John Gray.

AVE ATQUE VALE

(Catullus Carm. CI)

By ways remote and distant waters sped,
Brother, to thy sad grave-side I am come,
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb:
Since she who now bestows and now denies
Hath ta'en thee, hapless brother, from mine eyes.

But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin shell.
Take them, all drenchèd with a brother's tears,
And brother, for all time, hail and farewell!

1870-

Mr. Belloc is probably the most variously gifted of living men. He is primarily a historian, but he has written volumes on economics, military science and politics, essays, satirical novels, travel-books like *The Path to Rome, Esto Perpetua* and *The Four Men,* which are already classics, and, in *Avril,* a study of the Poets of the French Renaissance, a piece of criticism which proves that in this branch of literature also he could have excelled. In addition he has been a soldier, an editor, and a Member of Parliament. As a poet he is equally good in humorous or satirical verse, a drinking-song, or in poetry of an exquisitely tender melancholy. All these varieties are represented in this selection from his work.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

When I am living in the Midlands
  That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
  My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
  Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
  They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
  That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
  Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
  I saw them for a day:

Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
  Their skies are fast and grey;
From their castle-walls a man may see
  The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
  They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown,
  Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
  And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
  Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
  And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
  When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
  She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
  But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
  But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
  So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
  Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
  When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
  Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
  Of the men of the Sussex Weald;
They watch the stars from silent folds,
  They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
  My poor soul shall be healed,

If I ever become a rich man,
  Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
  To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
  And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
  Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
  Shall sit and drink with me.

TARANTELLA

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,

And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

THE NIGHT

Most holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting-place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most holy Night.

TO DIVES

Dives, when you and I go down to Hell,
Where scribblers end and millionaires as well,
We shall be carrying on our separate backs
Two very large but very different packs;
And as you stagger under yours, my friend,
Down the dull shore where all our journeys end,
And go before me (as your rank demands)
Towards the infinite flat underlands,
And that dear river of forgetfulness—
Charon, a man of exquisite address
(For, as your wife's progenitors could tell,
They're very strict on etiquette in Hell),
Will, since you are a lord, observe, "My lord,
We cannot take these weighty things aboard!"
Then down they go, my wretched Dives, down—
The fifteen sorts of boots you kept for town,

The hat to meet the Devil in; the plain
But costly ties; the cases of champagne;
The solid watch, and seal, and chain, and charm;
The working model of a Burning Farm
(To give the little Belials); all the three
Biscuits for Cerberus; the guarantee
From Lambeth that the Rich can never burn,
And even promising a safe return;
The admirable overcoat, designed
To cross Cocytus—very warmly lined:
Sweet Dives, you will leave them all behind
And enter Hell as tattered and as bare
As was your father when he took the air
Behind a barrow load in Leicester Square.
Then turned to me, and noting one that brings
With careless step a mist of shadowy things:
Laughter and memories, and a few regrets,
Some honour, and a quantity of debts,
A doubt or two of sorts, a trust in God,
And (what will seem to you extremely odd)
His father's grandfer's father's father's name,
Unspoilt, untitled, even spelt the same;
Charon, who twenty thousand times before
Has ferried Poets to the ulterior shore,
Will estimate the weight I bear, and cry—
"Comrade!" (He has himself been known to try
His hand at Latin and Italian verse,
Much in the style of Virgil—only worse)
"We let such vain imaginaries pass!"
Then tell me, Dives, which will look the ass—
You, or myself? Or Charon? Who can tell?
They order things so damnably in Hell.

SONG OF THE PELAGIAN HERESY

Pelagius lived in Kardanoel,
And taught his doctrine there:
How whether you went to heaven or hell,
It was your own affair;
How whether you rose to eternal joy,
Or sank forever to burn,
It had nothing to do with the Church, my boy,
But was your own concern.

Semi-Chorus

Oh, he didn't believe in Adam or Eve—
He put no faith therein;
His doubts began with the fall of man,
And he laughed at original sin.

Chorus

With my row-ti-dow-ti-oodly-ow,
He laughed at original sin.

Whereat the Bishop of old Auxerre—
Germanus was his name—
He tore great handfuls out of his hair,
And he called Pelagius shame.
And then with his stout episcopal staff
So thoroughly thwacked and banged
The heretics all, both short and tall,
That they rather had been hanged.

Semi-Chorus

Oh, he thwacked them hard and he thwacked them long
On each and all occasions,
Till they bellowed in chorus loud and strong
Their orthodox persuasions.

Chorus

With my row-ti-dow-ti-oodly-ow,
Their orthodox persuasions.

Now the Faith is old and the Devil is bold—
Exceeding bold indeed;
And the masses of doubt that are floating about
Would smother a mortal creed.
But we who sit in a sturdy youth
And still can drink strong ale—
Let us put it away to infallible truth
That always shall prevail.

Semi-Chorus

So thank the Lord for the temporal sword,
And for howling heretics, too,
And for all the good things that our Christendom brings—
But especially barley brew!

Chorus

With my row-ti-dow-ti-oodly-ow,
Especially barley brew!

JIM

There was a Boy whose name was Jim;
His Friends were very good to him.
They gave him Tea, and Cakes, and Jam,
And slices of delicious Ham,
And Chocolates with pink inside,
And little Tricycles to ride,
And read him Stories through and through,
And even took him to the Zoo—
But there it was the dreadful Fate
Befell him, which I now relate.

You know—at least you ought to know,
For I have often told you so—
That Children never are allowed
To leave their Nurses in a Crowd;
Now this was Jim's especial Foible,
He ran away when he was able,
And on this inauspicious day
He slipped his hand and ran away!

He hadn't gone a yard when—Bang!
With open Jaws, a Lion sprang,
And hungrily began to eat
The Boy: beginning at his feet.
Now, just imagine how it feels
When first your toes and then your heels,
And then by gradual degrees,
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees,
Are slowly eaten, bit by bit.
No wonder Jim detested it!
No wonder that he shouted "Hi!"

The Honest Keeper heard his cry;
Though very fat he almost ran
To help the little gentleman.
"Ponto!" he ordered as he came
(For Ponto was the Lion's name),
"Ponto!" he cried with angry Frown,
"Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!"
The Lion made a sudden stop,
He let the Dainty Morsel drop,
And slunk reluctant to his Cage,
Snarling with Disappointed Rage.
But when he bent him over Jim,
The Honest Keeper's eyes were dim.

The Lion having reached his Head,
The Miserable Boy was dead!

When Nurse informed his parents, they
Were more Concerned than I can say:—
His Mother, as she dried her eyes,
Said, "Well—it gives me no surprise,
He would not do as he was told!"
His Father, who was self-controlled,
Bade all the children round attend
To James's miserable end,
And always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

Robert Hugh Benson

1871-1914

Monsignor Benson was the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. After some years spent in an Anglican monastic community, he was received into the Catholic Church. There never was a more fervent convert, or one who accomplished so much in so short a space of time. He preached and lectured incessantly; many hours every day were spent in interviewing the streams of people who sought his spiritual advice: his correspondence was enormous—yet in spite of it all he contrived to write, at the rate of two a year, novels which, though they suffer from the haste of their making, were vivid and very much alive. First-rate poetry could, obviously, not be written in such turmoil. Nevertheless the collection of his verse contains several poems of considerable merit.

THE TERESIAN CONTEMPLATIVE

She moves in tumult; round her lies
The silence of the world of grace;

The twilight of our mysteries
  Shines like high noonday on her face;
Our piteous guesses, dim with fears,
She touches, handles, sees, and hears.

In her all longings mix and meet;
  Dumb souls through her are eloquent;
She feels the world beneath her feet
  Thrill in a passionate intent;
Through her our tides of feeling roll
And find their God within her soul.

Her faith the awful Face of God
  Brightens and blinds with utter light;
Her footsteps fall where late He trod;
  She sinks in roaring voids of night;
Cries to her Lord in black despair,
And knows, yet knows not, He is there.

A willing sacrifice, she takes
  The burden of our fall within;
Holy she stands; while on her breaks
  The lightning of the wrath of sin;
She drinks her Saviour's cup of pain,
And, one with Jesus, thirsts again.

Sister Mary Benvenuta

Sister Mary Benvenuta belongs to the order of the Dominican contemplatives, and is now at All Souls Priory, Headington, Oxford. A collection of her verse under the title of *The Months and Other Poems* was published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne in London.

HAWKESYARD

(English House of Studies for Dominican Novices).

This is the mew of God set high
  Beneath the heavens' windy rafter,
Whence all His falconry shall fly,
And, clean of wing and clear of eye,
  Make sport to wake the angels' laughter.
    Ah, birds of God,
  What prey shall ye bring home hereafter?

Here, hooded by His hand they sit,
  Nor fear the due monastic jesses
That leash them to His wrist, and knit
Their wills to His, as should befit
  The fledglings of His tendernesses,
    Who shall repay
  Some day this spring-time of caresses.

EASTER THOUGHT

'If Paradise be yet more fair
  Than earth in tender April guise,
Poor soul, how shall thy frailty bear
  God's great and ultimate surprise?
Into a thousand fragments there
  Thou needs must break beneath His eyes.

But since in shadow of His face—
  The which is light—death holds no sway,
The fragments, fraught with quickening grace,

Shall turn to birds that wing their way
With flight more swift than eye can trace
By laggard light of earthly day.

Some through the trees on every side
From bough to blossomed bough shall dart,
Some shall in Mary's bosom bide,
Some in glad carols bear their part;
But oh, the most, the most shall hide,
A homing flock, within the Heart
Of Jesus Who was crucified.

William Berry

1902-

William Berry was born at Philadelphia and educated at Holy Cross College and St. Joseph's College. After graduation he was for a time on the stage and acted leads and character parts with Eva Le Gallienne, Ann Harding, Morgan Farley, Charles Gilpin and others. Since 1925 he has been associate editor of *Verse,* and in 1926 became one of the founders of *The Philadelphian,* of which he is the Literary Editor.

THUNDER ON, YOU SILVER STALLIONS!

Thunder on, you silver stallions,
Let your plunging, flying hooves
Strike and ring against the sky;
Let your hoof-beats wake the old gods
Sleeping on the hills of glory;
Let your cruel breath chill the night stars;
Fly, stallions, fly!

Burst your iron leashes, stallions,
Burst the thongs of leather, stallions,

Gallop hard, oh, gallop fast;
Fill the night with brave, loud noises,
Trample down,
Trample down
All the little hives of torment;
Fly, stallions, fast!

Lift your tossing, wild heads high,
Strike, stallions, strike the sky!
Beat against the wide, wide sky,
Break through, stallions!

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

1840-1922

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt is likely to be remembered even longer for his diaries than his poetry. In them he has given us vivid sketches of most of the great personages of his time and comments which are sometimes bitter and indiscreet, but are always striking. Blunt was a friend to oppressed nations, to Egypt and to Ireland, for whose sake he was once imprisoned. His career was stormy and picturesque. His poetry at its best is full of distinction and fire and reveals the man.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

To-day, all day, I rode upon the down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
On this side in its glory lay the sea,
On that the Sussex weald, a sea of brown.
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.
I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even

Better than all by this, that through my chase
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face.
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

THE OLD SQUIRE

I like the hunting of the hare
  Better than that of the fox;
I like the joyous morning air,
  And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
  The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields,
  Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
  Of the unsuspicious morn;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
  As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
  From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush
  For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride
  When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
  And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me;
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well-used and dear,
The names my childhood knew;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give;
I take my pleasures without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
  The hedgerows one and all,
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
  And bounded by my wall;

Nor has the world a better thing,
  Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
  Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare;
  It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
  With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply
  And pass the churchyard gate
Where all are laid as I must lie,
  I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare;
  New sports I hold in scorn;
I like to be as my fathers were
  In the days ere I was born.

GIBRALTAR

Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair Earth and of the hearts of men.

Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill.

John Bunker

1884-

Mr. Bunker was born at Cincinnati, and graduated from St. Francis Xavier College of that city in 1905. He began his literary career as Joyce Kilmer's secretary, and succeeded Kilmer as lecturer on poetry in New York University. Mr. Bunker is the author of *Shining Fields and Dark Towers.* He has now returned to Cincinnati where he is the president of an advertising company.

THE LOOK

Your grave and sorrowful eyes,
  Clouded with sudden pain,
Forever and forever
  With me remain.

To my so thoughtless words
  This was your still reply,
Whose eloquence yet fills
  My earth and sky.

Gertrude Callaghan

Miss Callaghan was born at New York City and has always lived there. Her first poems appeared in print in 1921, since when she has been a frequent contributor to the magazines and

reviews. She has two books of verse to her credit, *Inheritance* and *Witch Girl*. It is from the latter book that the two poems given here are taken.

HURRICANE

Dense clouds hang low, the pulse of earth has stopped,
There broods a sense of strangled intermission.
With one accord the insect din is dropped,
The frogs are mute—darkness and inhibition
Clutch at the heart of every living thing.
A storm is lowering—with a flash of fire
It sears fantastic traceries that sting
New images across each old desire.

Now blow on heavy blow the thunders score
Such sound as sends worlds crashing into space,
And ear drums driven inward hear no more—
Life crouches earthward, death moves on apace
As like a fiend, unchained, the wind roars by
Trumpeting a titanic battle cry!

BURIAL

Lay her in the mill-pond,
  Lay her in the sea;
Lay her where no sprig
  Of foliage will be.

Buried in the orchard
  Underneath a tree,
She would stir with yearning,
  Everlastingly.

She would lie uneasy,
  Straining her slim hands
Toward the eager blossoms
  Of her cherry lands.

She would be less restive
  Tossed upon the sea—
Lay her there and never
  Underneath a tree.

Joseph Campbell

1879-

Mr. Campbell was born at Belfast, Ireland. Since 1925 he has been living at New York, where he conducts a school of Irish Studies.

SATURN

I see the star, Aldebaran,
Slowly lift a jewelled can
To dying Helios; bright in air,
The gold of Berenice's hair;
And, swung dimly thro' the trees,
Seven-lanterned Pleiades.
Pale as ivory, overhead
Cassiopeia takes to bed
A blacker king than Cepheus,
Father of the negroes' house.
Bootes halts his breathing team
To water in the blue star-stream,
Where Cygnus swims, a bird of light,
Between the clouded banks of night,

And strong Orion languishes,
Hurt with the reeds of Artemis.
Red Antares' burning mouth
Makes a rose of the white south;
Lyra tunes her cithara;
And from a graven amphora,
A sweet-crusted Hyblæan jar,
Sirius, the honey-star,
Scatters the magic midnight dew
On bugloss and bramble-blow.
Every single star I see
In the vault's immensity
But lean-ribbed Saturn, dark and proud.
Shunner of the heavenly crowd,
Why shunnest thou the child that Earth
Bore to thee with troubled birth?
Thinkest thou not that my dream-eyes
Can pierce the armor of the skies—
Lay bare thy triple-cinctured rings,
Yellower than the torques of kings,
Thy satellites, Enceladus
And Mimas, and the overplus
Of fiery motes that leap and roll
About thy solitary soul?
I am thy child by Earth, thy wife,
And share thy moods and live thy life,
Lean-ribbed Saturn, dark and proud,
Shunner of the heavenly crowd!

WHEN ROOKS FLY HOMEWARD

When rooks fly homeward
And shadows fall,

When roses fold
On the hay-yard wall,
When blind moths flutter
By door and tree,
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me.

When stars look out
On the Children's Path,*
And grey mists gather
On cairn and rath,
When night is one
With the brooding sea,
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me.

THE OLD WOMAN

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an agèd face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
Under a ruined mill.

*The Path of the Children of Uisneach, i.e., the Milky Wa

Anna Johnston, who wrote under the name of Ethna Carbery, was prominent during the early days of the Irish literary and political revival, which she aided considerably by founding and editing the *Shan Van Vocht.* As Mr. Seumas MacManus says in his Memoir of her, "Ethna Carbery's work was designedly national—and only incidentally aimed at being literature." Yet it was full of lyrical beauty, and she would have undoubtedly gained in stature had she not died while her genius was still in blossom. It was not long before her death that she married Seumas MacManus, who has edited her collected poetry and published it under the title of *The Four Winds of Eirinn.*

THE SHADOW HOUSE OF LUGH

Dream-fair, beside dream waters, it stands alone:
A winging thought of Lugh made its corner stone:
A desire of his heart raised its walls on high,
And set its crystal windows to flaunt the sky.

Its doors of the white bronze are many and bright,
With wondrous carven pillars for his Love's delight,
And its roof of the blue wings, the speckled red,
Is a flaming arc of beauty above her head.

Like a mountain through mist Lugh towers high,
The fiery-forked lightning is the glance of his eye,
His countenance is noble as the Sun-god's face—
The proudest chieftain he of a proud Dedanaan race.

He bides there in peace now his wars are all done—
He gave his hand to Balor when the death-gate was won,
And for the strife-scarred heroes who wander in the shade,
His door lieth open, and the rich feast is laid.

He hath no vexing memory of blood in slanting rain,
Of green spears in hedges on a battle plain;
But through the haunted quiet his love's silver words
Blow round him swift as wing-beats of enchanted birds.

A grey haunted wind is blowing in the hall,
And stirring through the shadowy spears upon the wall,
The drinking horn goes round from shadowy lip to lip—
And about the golden methers shadowy fingers slip.

The Star of Beauty, she who queens it there;
Diademed, and wondrous long, her yellow hair.
Her eyes are twin-moons in a rose-sweet face,
And the fragrance of her presence fills all the place.

He plays for her pleasure on his harp's gold wire
The Laughter-tune that leaps along in trills of fire;
She hears the dancing feet of *Sidhe* where a white moon gleams,
And all her world is joy in the House of Dreams.

He plays for her soothing the Slumber-song:
Fine and faint as any dream it glides along:
She sleeps till the magic of his kiss shall rouse;
And all her world is quiet in the Shadow-house.

His days glide to night, and his nights glide to day:
With circling of the amber mead, and feasting gay;
In the yellow of her hair his dreams lie curled,
And her arms make the rim of his rainbow world.

1881-

Francis Carlin (James Francis Carlin MacDonnell) was born at Bay Shore, Long Island. He was educated at St. Mary's Parish School, Norwalk, Conn., but did not graduate. He has been a shoe-maker, a salesman and a floor-walker. His first book, *My Ireland,* was published in 1917, and was followed by *The Cairn of Stars* in 1920. Francis Carlin's work is somewhat uneven in quality; but at his best the poet fuses simplicity and subtlety in his imagination, and writes with an exquisite tenderness. He is now living in New York.

THE RIVALS

Low-winging swallows seem to swim
Unrippled waters, they but skim,
Endeavoring to pass beyond
Their swimming shadows in the pond.

And thus, against the set of day,
Speed I along that twofold way
Whereon the body strives with soul
To be the first at common goal;

As water-swallows race to best
Their shadows bound for mutual nest,
Till comes the dusk that may not give
The light by which their rivals live.

Oh, would my twain might so compete,
Unswayed by one's foregleamed defeat,
Till swooping claws of death descend
To part the rivals at the end!

But even as star in purple flight
(A swallow's dream caught up of night)
Resumes the race to overtake
Its sparkle swimming in the lake;

So may my soul, beshadowed by
Her Angel, sweep across the sky,
Endeavoring by pinioned brawn
To be the first to fade in Dawn.

MY NEIGHBOR

My neighbor, having built her nest
In sod a bullock's hoof impressed,
Now tarrys long in nook o' cloud
Above the field I should have plowed.

For sky and grass are even as one
To her, since both enshrine the sun;
While blended light and silence dome
Her choir-stall and stilly home.

Oh, would my house and chapel were
As nest and shrine are both to her
And Him, Who thatched a common roof
O'er cloud and print o' bullock's hoof!

PLEA FOR HOPE

O Morning-Maker, deign that ray
Of alien star may sheen our day
Whereof the sun but darkens sight
In quest of mere, unfashioned Light!

Set Thou on high a twinkling hope
To lead us up from glen to slope;
From mastered peak to humbled crest,
And so through heavens Thy mercy blessed,

When shone the East from Paradise
On Asian blues of miraged skies
Which, manifesting Orient Fire,
Left John horizoned of desire:

That inly seen, that showing forth
Of Beauty's Heaven to gaping earth,
The which so far transcended, Lord,
The Son of Thunder's trembling word;

Yea, shunned his soul-experience till,
As part of Thy Invisible,
He lost that hope which, having gained,
We too would lose in Thee attained.

THE ONLY-BORN

For that the child was only lost
But to ourselves, no spades were crossed
  On snow-befriended sod:
Our fallen tears, though changed to frost,
  Were drawn like dews to God.

We tucked him in, caressed his bed,
And so departed from our dead
  Beyond the need of prayer:
"Thy Kingdom Come" we left unsaid
  For soul already there.

Our night draws nigh; we too shall fall
On sleep at last, but not at all
  Like him who soared to rest:
Crosswise, the spades on favored pall
  Shall sign our vacant breast.

And we shall leave but neighbors here,
Unlike to him so doubly dear
  For being in Angeldom:
Our only-born, who prays so near
  God's Son that we may come.

CHILD DEAR

GOOD, with but one O the less,
Turns into GOD, All-goodliness;
Whose cherished name is cored with US
When JESus CHRIST be worded thus.

And since the GOOD as GODs shall be
When they of rounded time are free,
Child dear, let US be cored the same
In JESus CHRIST as in His name.

Sir Roger Casement

1864-1916

Casement was born at Kingstown, near Dublin. He was in the British consular service from 1895 to 1913, and showed such striking capacity in his work on the Congo and in Putamayo—where he saved the Indians from a merciless slavery in the rubber plantations—that he was given a knighthood. Upon

The outbreak of the war he became very active in the Irish cause; but he was captured immediately before the rising of Easter week. He was taken to London, convicted of high treason, stripped of his title and hanged. A short time before his execution he was received into the Catholic Church.

HAMILCAR BARCA

Thou that didst mark from Heircte's spacious hill
The Roman spears, like mist, uprise each morn,
Yet held, with Hesper's shining point of scorn,
Thy sword unsheathed above Panormus still;
Thou that wert leagued with naught but thine own will,
Eurythmic vastness to that stronghold torn
From foes above, below, where, though forlorn,
Thou still hadst claws to cling and beak to kill.

Eagle of Eryx!—when the Ægatian shoal
Rolled westward all the hopes that Hanno wrecked,
With mighty wing, unwearying, didst thou
Seek far beyond the wolf's grim protocol,
Within the Iberian sunset faintly specked
A rock where Punic faith should bide its vow.

Cecil Chesterton

1879-1918

Cecil Chesterton, like his more famous brother, was born at London and educated at St. Paul's School. He soon made his mark as a journalist and, after *The Eye-Witness* had been renamed *The New Witness,* succeeded Hilaire Belloc as editor. In that capacity he attacked the corruption of politicians, and exposed the Marconi scandal. In this work, as in everything

that he did, he displayed a courage that was absolute, and a command of lucidity that has never been equalled save by Swift and Cobbett.

He served, when he might have claimed exemption on physical grounds, in the Great War, and died, a few days after the Armistice, from Bright's Disease. His loss was immense, for his ability was the match even of his brother's and Belloc's, though he lacked, perhaps, their genius.

The best of his books is his *Short History of the United States*, written, with only his phenomenal memory to guide him, while he was in the army. He wrote few poems, and most of these were satirical.

BALLADE OF PROFESSIONAL PRIDE

You ask me how I manage to consume
So many beers and whiskeys multiplied;
Why I can stand as rigid as a broom
While others gently sway from side to side;
Why from the phrase "Ferriferous Vermicide"
My tongue, all unembarrassed, does not shrink?
—Hear then my city's boast, my calling's pride:
It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink.

Not mine the glory. From the narrow tomb
Call the strong voices of dead men that plied
Their starveling trade along the Street of Doom,
And on its heedless walls were crucified;
Yet grasped a little laughter ere they died,
Drowned deep in dole and debt and printer's ink,
And with proud note above their torment cried:
"It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink!"

The strong have lived. Alas! through Eden's bloom
I watch the cocoa-coloured Serpent glide.
The mighty drinkers of old time make room
For prigs in whom the very soul has dried.

Forget them! For us two the world is wide.
Here's to our comrades! To the boys that clink
The glass from Asiago to Coxsyde!—
It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink.

ENVOI

(To a newspaper proprietor)

Prince, you have taken bribes, blackmailed and lied.
Your horrid vices to the heavens stink.
Yet by this thing our craft is justified—
It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

1874-

Gilbert Chesterton began his career as a poet by writing that strange, violent and stimulating book *The Wild Knight.* Since then he must have published about a hundred volumes, including three of verse. His most remarkable poetic achievement is his *Ballad of the White Horse,* from which, unfortunately, it has proved impossible to make any extract that would adequately represent its power. The same vigor and vivid sense of history appears, however, in "Lepanto" and "The Secret People." No modern author is regarded with anything approaching the affection which Mr. Chesterton receives and merits. For he is the most representative Englishman of our time. The pugnacious Catholicism which he preached long before he came into the Church has involved him in endless controversies which he always conducts with the most astonishing dialectical skill and uproarious humor. Since it has become evident that he is not to be overthrown in debate, many who dislike his ideas try to represent them as shallow. That a very large part of his work, because it is written to meet the emer-

gency of the moment, is ephemeral must be admitted, but none of it is shallow even when it is hasty. The Catholic Church does not possess a greater than this her latest son, nor is there now alive a greater man.

LEPANTO

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,

Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and
he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up like a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the
trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent
to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the
morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes
in scorn;

They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,—
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago;
It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)

Sudden and still—hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north
(Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.)
Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes,
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
Crying with the trumpet, the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck
(Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in,

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,
And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—
Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.
Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
Gun upon gun, hurrah!
Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung

The stair-ways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)

THE ROLLING ENGLISH ROAD

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of the Squire,
And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much desire;
But I did bash their baggonets because they came arrayed
To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard made,
When you and I went down the lane with ale-mugs in our hands,
The night we went to Glastonbury by way of Goodwin Sands.

His sins they were forgiven him; or why do flowers run
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun?
The wild thing went from left to right and knew not which was which,
But the wild rose was above him when they found him in the ditch.
God pardon us, nor harden us: we did not see so clear
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age

But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path that wandereth,
And see undrugged in evening light the decent inn of death;
For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

TRANSLATION FROM DU BELLAY

Happy, who like Ulysses or that lord
Who raped the fleece, returning full and sage,
With usage and the world's wide wisdom stored,
With his own kin can wait the end of age.
When shall I see, when shall I see, God knows!
My little village smoke; or pass the door,
The old dear door of that unhappy house
That is to me a kingdom and much more?
Mightier to me the house my fathers made
Than your audacious heads, O Halls of Rome!
More than immortal marbles undecayed
The thin sad slates that cover up my home;
More than your Tiber is my Loire to me,
Than Palatine my little Lyré there;
And more than all the winds of all the sea
The quiet kindness of the Angevin air.

THE SECRET PEOPLE

Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget.
For we are the people of England, that never has spoken yet.
There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheerfully,

There is many a free French peasant who is richer and sadder than we.
There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise;
There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;
You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet:
Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

The fine French kings came over in a flutter of flags and dames.
We liked their smiles and battles, but we never could say their names.
The blood ran red to Bosworth and the high French lords went down;
There was naught but a naked people under a naked crown.
And the eyes of the King's Servants turned terribly every way,
And the gold of the King's Servants rose higher every day.
They burnt the homes of the shaven men, that had been quaint and kind,
Till there was no bed in a monk's house, nor food that man could find.
The inns of God where no man paid, that were the wall of the weak,
The King's Servants ate them all. And still we did not speak.

And the face of the King's Servants grew greater than the King:
He tricked them, and they trapped him, and stood round him in a ring.

The new grave lords closed round him, that had eaten
the abbey's fruits,
And the men of the new religion, with their bibles in
their boots,
We saw their shoulders moving, to menace or discuss,
And some were pure and some were vile; but none took
heed of us.
We saw the King as they killed him, and his face was
proud and pale;
And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked
of ale.

A war that we understood not came over the world and
woke
Americans, Frenchmen, Irish; but we knew not the things
they spoke.
They talked about rights and nature and peace and the
people's reign:
And the squires, our masters, bade us fight; and never
scorned us again.
Weak if we be for ever, none could condemn us then;
Men called us serfs and drudges; men knew that we were
men.
In foam and flame at Trafalgar, on Albuera plains,
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in chains.
We lay in living ruins; firing and fearing not
The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew for
what they fought,
And the man who seemed to be more than man we
strained against and broke;
And we broke our own rights with him. And still we
never spoke.

Our patch of glory ended; we never heard guns again.
But the squire seemed struck in the saddle; he was foolish, as if in pain
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a cringing Jew,
He was stricken; it may be, after all, he was stricken at Waterloo.
Or perhaps the shades of the shaven men, whose spoil is in his house,
Come back in shining shapes at last to spoil his last carouse:
We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the sea,
And a new people takes the land: and still it is not we.

They have given us into the hand of the new unhappy lords,
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their swords.
They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright dead alien eyes;
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks at flies.
And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient wrongs;
Their doors are shut in the evening; and they know no songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,
Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.
It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the worst;

It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.
But we are the people of England; and we have not spoken yet.
Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

THE MERRY TOWN OF ROUNDABOUT

(From *The Flying Inn*)

Some say that Guy of Warwick,
The man that killed the Cow
And brake the mighty Boar alive
Beyond the Bridge at Slough,
Went up against a Loathly Worm
That wasted all the Downs;
And so the roads they twist and squirm
(If I may be allowed the term)
From the writhing of the stricken Worm
That died in seven towns.
I see no scientific proof
That this idea is sound,
And I should say they wound about
To find the town of Roundabout,
The merry town of Roundabout
That makes the world go round.

Some say that Robin Goodfellow
Whose lantern lights the meads
(To steal a phrase Sir Walter Scott
In heaven no longer needs)
Such dance around the trysting-place

The moonstruck lover leads;
Which superstition I should scout,
There is more faith in honest doubt
(As Tennyson has pointed out)
Than in those nasty creeds.
    But peace and righteousness (St. John)
    In Roundabout can kiss,
    And since that's all that's found about
    The pleasant town of Roundabout,
    The roads they simply bound about
    To find out where it is.

Some say that when Sir Lancelot
Went forth to find the Grail,
Grey Merlin wrinkled up the roads
For hope that he should fail:
All roads lead back to Lyonesse
And Camelot in the Vale,
I cannot yield assent to this
Extravagant hypothesis,
The plain, shrewd Briton will dismiss
Such rumours (*Daily Mail*).
    But in the streets of Roundabout
    Are no such factions found,
    Or theories to expound about,
    Or roll upon the ground about,
    In the happy town of Roundabout,
    That makes the world go round.

Wilfred Rowland Childe

1890-

Mr. Childe was born at Wakefield, Yorkshire. He was educated at Harrow and Magdalen College, Oxford. His first

volume, *The Little City,* was published in 1911, since when he has written six other volumes of verse and *Dream English: a Fantastical Romance.* He was received into the Church in 1914. He is now Lecturer in English Literature at the University of Leeds.

THE LAST ABBOT OF GLOUCESTER

The Middle Ages sleep in alabaster
A delicate fine sleep. They never knew
The irreparable hell of that disaster,
That broke with hammers Heaven's fragile blue.

Yea, crowned and robed and silent he abides,
Last of the Romans, and that ivory calm,
Beneath whose wings august the minster-sides
Trembled like virgins to the perfect Psalm.

Yea, it is gone with him, yea, it returns not;
The gilt proud sanctuaries are dust, the high
Steam of the violet fragrant frankincense burns not:
All gone; it was too beautiful to die.

It was too beautiful to live; the world
Ne'er rotted it with her slow-creeping hells:
Men shall not see the Vision crowned and pearled,
When Jerusalem blossomed in the noon-tide bells!

THE GOTHIC ROSE

Amid the blue smoke of glass-gemmed chapels
You shall find Me, the white five-wounded Flower,
The Rose of Sarras. Yea, the moths have eaten,
And fretted the gold cloths of the Duke of York,
And lost is the scarlet cloak of the Cardinal Beaufort;

Tapers are quenched and rods of silver broken,
Where once King Richard dined beneath the leopards:
But think you that any beautifulness is wasted,
With which Mine angels have blessed the blue-eyed
English,
'Twining into stone an obscure dream of Heaven,
A crown of flinty spines about the Rose,
A slim flame blessing the Coronal of Thorns?
And York is forever the White Rose of Mary,
And Lancaster is dipt in the Precious Blood,
Though the high shrine that was built by the king of the
Romans
Be down at Hayles, and the Abbey of Saint Mary
Be shattered now in three-towered Eboracum.

THE FORMER GLORY

I would that I had seen with my two eyes
The steeples of the Gothic Kingdom rise
Ere London grew too wealthy and too wise

To adore the Mother Maiden and her Child,
Ere greed and hate and frozen zeal defiled,
And the great fire returned all to the wild,

When the Cathedral crashed down into flames
With all her multitude of carven names,
Angels with harps and alabaster dames.

I would that I had seen those buttressed walls
Of that first towering splendid old Saint Paul's,
Rich with unnumbered crowding festivals,

And all those chapels with proud memories walled,
And all those altars panoplied and palled,
And in the midst the shrine of Erkenwald.

I would that I had seen the festal way,
When Holy Church proclaimed glad holiday,
And heard the bell-chimes swing on Easter Day,

And watched the line of rose-crowned canons pass
Beneath the windows live with fiery glass
To some most glorious Sacring of the Mass.

Then the great city like a rose uncurled
Beheld her choirs emparadised and pearled
Beneath the tallest spire in all the world.

But gold has blocked up all the holy wells,
And dumb is all that host of chrismèd bells,
And dust the bright sails of the caravels

That brought the spiceries from India;
The Eucharistic God has gone away,
Until the people learn again to pray.

Verily light went out in London Town
When Henry smote the white Carthusians down,
And holy Fisher won his martyr's crown.

But still the lamps burn on in Ely Place,
And England still has leave to beg for grace,
For whom pleads still the patient Thorn-Crowned Face.

1896-

Mr. Clarke was born at Dublin and educated at the Jesuit Colleges of Belvedere and Mungret, taking his master's degree at the National University. He lectured in English at the University College, Dublin, for some years and is now resident at London, where he is doing literary work. His books are *The Vengeance of Fionn, The Fires of Baal, The Sword of the West* and *The Cattledrive in Connaught.*

FLOWER-QUIET IN THE RUSH-STREWN SHEILING

Flower-quiet in the rush-strewn sheiling
At the dawntime Grainne lay,
While beneath the birch-topped roof the sunlight
Groped upon its way,
And stooped over her sleeping white body
With a wasp-yellow ray.

The hot breath of the day awoke her,
And, wearied of its heat,
She wandered out by noisy elms
On the cool mossy peat,
Where the shadowed leaves like pecking linnets
Nodded around her feet.

She leaned and saw in pale grey waters,
By twisted hazel boughs,
Her lips like heavy drooping poppies
In a rich redness drowse;
Then swallow-lightly touched the ripples
Until her wet lips were
Burning as ripened rowan berries
Through the white winter air.

Lazily she lingered
Gazing so,
As the slender osiers
Where the waters flow,
As green twigs of sally
Swaying to and fro.
Sleepy moths fluttered
In her dark eyes,
And her lips grew quieter
Than lullabies.
Swaying with the reedgrass
Over the stream
Lazily she lingered
Cradling a dream.
A brown bird rises
Out of the marshes,
By sallow pools flying
On winds from the sea,
By pebbly rivers,
Tired of the salt gusts
Sweetly 'twill whistle
On a mountainy tree.
So, gladdened, impulsive,
Grainne arising
Sped through the bluebells
Under the branches,
White by the alders
Glimmering she
Stole in the shadows,
Flashing through sunshine,
Her feet like the raindrops
On withered leaves falling
Lightful and free.

She stood beyond the reddening hawthorns
Out in the wild air
And, gathering back with white-lit fingers
Her wind-loosened hair,
She scanned the dark bog-waters
Sleeping beneath the bare
Turf banks and the wide brown marshes,
But she could only find
The froth-pale blossom of the boglands
As it fluttered on the waves of the wandering wind.
So she came, a little saddened,
Bending with the slim breeze
Through the elm-misted sunshine
And flowers like pools of blue seas.
Quiet as her breath she glided
In the grass-green shade of trees.

A bird sang like a rainy well,
Then on a fallen bough
A hurrying footstep spoke, and Diarmuid
Stood before her now,
Sunburnt, pine-straight, and the hilly breezes
Upon his lips and brow.

Padraic Colum

1881-

Mr. Colum was born at Longford, Ireland. He edited the *Irish Review* in Dublin, and was one of the founders of the National Theatre Society, which eventuated in the Abbey Theatre. He came to the United States in 1914, and now lives at New Canaan, Connecticut. He has a long list of distinguished books to his credit, and these include two volumes of verse, *Wild Earth* and *Dramatic Legends*.

FUSCHIA HEDGES IN CONNACHT

I think some saint of Eirinn wandering far
Found you and brought you here—
Demoiselles!
For so I'll greet you in this alien air!

And like those maidens who were only known
In their own land as daughters of the King,
Children of Charlemagne—
You have, by following that pilgrim-saint,
Become high votresses—
You have made your palace-beauty dedicate,
And your pomp serviceable—
You stand beside our folds!

I think you came from some old Roman land—
Most alien but most Catholic are you:
Your purples are the purples that enfold
In Passion Week the Shrine;
Your scarlet is the scarlet of the Wounds;
You bring before our walls, before our doors,
Lamps of the Sanctuary;
And in this stony place,
The time the robin sings,
Through your bells rings the Angelus!

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
  And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
  Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
  Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
  My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
  Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
  The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
  And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road
  And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
  And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
  Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

A CRADLE SONG

O men from the fields!
  Come softly within.
Tread softly, softly,
  O men coming in!

Mavourneen is going
  From me and from you,

Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue.

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O men from the fields!
Soft, softly come thro'.
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

THE HUMMING BIRD

Up from the navel of the world,
Where Cuzco has her founts of fire,
The passer of the Gulf he comes.

He lives in air, a bird of fire,
Charted by flowers still he comes,
Through spaces that are half the world.

With glows of suns and seas he comes;
A life within our shadowed world
That's bloom, and gem, and kiss of fire!

THE BIRD OF JESUS

It was pure indeed,
The air we breathed in, the light we saw,
I and my brother, when we played that day,
Or piped to one another; then there came

Two young lads of an age with one another,
And with us two, and these two played with us,
And went away.

Each had a bearing that was like a prince's,
Yet they were simple lads and had the kindness
Of our own folk—lads simple and unknowing:
Then, afterwards, we went to visit them.
Theirs was a village that was not far off,
But out of reach—toward elbow, not toward hand:
And what was there were houses—
Houses and some trees—
And it was like a place within a fold.

We found the lads,
And found them still as simple and unknowing,
And played with them: we played outside the stall
Where worked the father of the wiser lad—
Not brothers were the boys, but cousins' children.

There was a pit:
We brought back clay and sat beside the stall,
And made birds out of clay; and then my brother
Took up his bird and flung it in the air:
His playmate did as he,
And clay fell down upon the face of clay.

And then I took
The shavings of the board the carpenter
Was working on, and flung them in the air,
And watched them streaming down.
There would be nought to tell
Had not the wiser of the lads took up
The clay he shaped: a little bird it was;

He tossed it from his hand up to his head:
The bird stayed in the air.

O what delight we had
To see it fly and pause, that little bird,
Sinking to earth sometimes, and sometimes rising
As though to fly into the very sun;
At last it spread out wings and flew, and flew,
Flew to the sun!

I do not think
That we played any more, or thought of playing,
For every drop of blood our bodies held
Was free and playing, free and playing then;
Four lads together on the bench we sat:
Nothing was in the open air around us,
And yet we thought something was there for us—
A secret, charmed thing.

So we went homeward; by soft ways we went
That wound us back to our familiar place.
Some increase lay upon the things we saw:
I'll speak of grasses, but you'll never know
What grass was there; words wither it and make it
Like to the desert children's dream of grass;
Lambs in the grass, but I will not have told you
What fleece of purity they had to show;
I'll speak of birds, but I will not have told you
How their song filled the heart; and when I speak
Of him, my brother, you will never guess
How we two were at one!

Even to our mother we had gained in grace!

1897-

Mr. Connolly was born at Boston and graduated from Boston College in 1918. He is now the editor of *Columbia*.

EASTER

The day has blossomed like a perfect flower . . .
The chapel porch with worshippers is gay;
They strew the lane beneath the Gothic tower,
And nod and laugh and babble as they stray.

The preacher smiles within the vine-green portal
To women on the sunlit lawn below;
And blandly as he preached of life immortal,
He chats of bridge and Mrs. So-and-so.

The sky is like a turquoise dark with passion . . .
The petty gossipers mince on and prate;
And lilacs scent the polished show of fashion,
While bonnets toss and canes gesticulate.

The worshippers beneath the maples scatter;
The babble dies; a group halts in the shade . . .
Good God, and this is Easter!—this thin chatter,
This empty fuss and hat-and-gown parade!

Oh, where the burst of cataclysmal wonder
Of souls who break their tombstones to be free?
The rending light, the deep exultant thunder
Proclaiming Death is dead on Calvary? . . .
This day the very earth might cleave asunder
And from the cleft Christ rise again for me!

1880?-

Mr. Corkery lives at Cork, Ireland. He is the author of a collection of short stories and a novel, *The Threshold of Quiet,* written with quiet distinction of style, of a volume of poems and of a book on Irish poetry, *The Hidden Ireland.*

THE GYPSIES

Whither, O gypsy waggon
Lumbering by?
This night so soft with summer,
So dim and shy.

Wild headlong creatures, whither
This night of rest?
O whining axle, whither
In endless quest?

What is it—hag or treasure,
So wrapped about,
From clime to clime you hurry
With lamp hung out?

Sanctuary lamp or signal,
Half-dead, unclean,
All one its eye of crimson,
Of emerald green?

Above and round it baggage,
Rumbling along
To the endless beating
Of a desert song.

Ye brush me, making headlong,
And I catch my breath:
Brings me this swift wild marching
Or life or death?

The breath of burning Egypt,
Scorching my lids,
Unveils in shimmering vision
The Pyramids!

Wide-eyed and staring, changeless
Though empires die,
Leaving their dregs of children
But earth and sky!

Eleanor Rogers Cox

Miss Cox was born in Ireland and came to this country, of which she is now a citizen, in childhood. She is the author of two volumes of poetry, *A Hosting of Heroes* and *Singing Fires of Erin*. Most of her themes are taken from Irish mythology.

DREAMING OF CITIES DEAD

Dreaming of cities dead,
Of bright Queens vanished,
Of Kings whose names were but as seed wind-blown
E'en when white Patrick's voice shook Tara's throne,
My way along the great world-street I tread,
And keep the rites of Beauty lost, alone.

Cairns level with the dust—
Names dim with Time's dull rust—
Afar they sleep on many a wind-swept hill,
The beautiful, the strong of heart and will—

On whose pale dreams no sunrise joy shall burst,
No harper's song shall pierce with battle-thrill.

Long from their purpled heights,
Their reign of high delights,
The Queens have wended down Death's mildewed stair,
Leaving a scent of lilies in the air,
To gladden Earth through all her days and nights,
That once she cherished anything so fair.

TO A DEAD POET

I speak your name—a magic thing—
Jocund April takes my hand,
Golden birds begin to sing,
Laughter fills the silver land.

I speak your name—a Matin bell—
Buoyant, godlike, you arise—
Flinging far the slumber-spell
Laid upon your heart and eyes.

I speak your name—and Summer's here—
Glad beyond all Summers gone—
And you are shining like the spear
God fashioned in His first day's dawn.

James J. Daly

1872-

Father Daly was born at Chicago, Feb. 1, 1872. Educated in the Jesuit schools of that city, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1890. The greater part of his life has been occupied in the teaching of English and the ancient classics. He was

the first literary editor of *America* and is on the editorial board of the Jesuit quarterly, *Thought*. A biography of St. John Berchmans is his only book; but he is the writer of essays that are full of austere grace. The same quality marks his sonnet on the Latin Tongue, and is present, modified by whimsicality, in the lyric given here. He is at present stationed at St. Louis.

THE LATIN TONGUE

Like a loud-booming bell shaking its tower
  Of granite blocks, the antique Latin tongue
  Shook the whole earth: over all seas it flung
Triremes of war, and bade grim legions scour
The world's far verges. Its imperial dower
  Made Tullius a god; and Flaccus strung
  Its phrases into garlands; while among
The high enchanters it gave Maro power.

Then Latin lost its purple pomp of war,
  Its wine-veined laughter and patrician tears:
  It cast its fleshly grossness, won a soul,
And trafficked far beyond the farthest star
  With angel-cohorts, echoing through the years
  In sacred Embassies from pole to pole.

IN COVENTRY

My friends, the leaves, who used to entertain me
  On summer afternoons with idle chatter,
Are dropping off in ways that shock and pain me.
  I wonder what's the matter.

My friends, the birds, are quietly withdrawing;
The meadow larks are gone from fence and stubble;
Even the crows are gone; I liked their cawing.
I wonder what's the trouble.

My friend, the sun, is here, but altered slightly;
He acts more coolly than he has been doing;
He seems more distant, and he smiles less brightly.
I wonder what is brewing.

Thomas Augustine Daly

1871-

Mr. Daly was born at Philadelphia and was educated at Villanova College and at Fordham University. Since then he has been engaged in newspaper work and has been associate editor of the Philadelphia *Record* since 1918. He is best known for his poems in the Irish and Italian dialects; but, as his ode on the Thrush will show, he is much more than a mere dialect poet.

DA LEETLA BOY

Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

I no can count how many week,
How many day, dat he was seeck;
How many night I seet an' hold
Dat leetla hand dat was so cold.
He was so patience, oh, so sweet!
Eet hurts my throat for think of eet;

An' all he evra ask is w'en
Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.
Wan day, wan brighta sunny day,
He see, across da alleyway,
Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere
Ees raise her window for da air,
An' put outside a leetla pot
Of—wat you call?—forgat-me-not.
So smalla flower, so leetla theeng
But steel eet mak' hees hearta seeng:
"Oh, now, at las' ees com' da spreeng!
Da leetla plant ees glad for know
Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow.
So, too, I am grow warm an' strong."
So lika dat he seeng hees song.
But, ah! da night com' down an' den
Da weenter ees sneak back agen,
An' een da alley all da night
Ees fall da snow, so cold, so white,
An' cover up da leetla pot
Of—wat you call?—forgat-me-not.
All night da leetla hand I hold
Ees grow so cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy
He no could wait.

TO A THRUSH

Sing clear, O throstle,
Thou golden-tongued apostle

And little brown-frocked brother
  Of the loved Assisian!
Sing courage to the mother,
  Sing strength into the man,
For they, who in another May
  Trod Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain,
Have tasted in thy song to-day
  The bitter-sweet red lees again.
To them in whose sad May-time thou
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough
  To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
O prophet then, be prophet now
  And paraclete!

That fateful May! The pregnant vernal night
  Was throbbing with the first faint pangs of day,
The while with ordered urge toward life and light,
  Earth-atoms countless groped their destined way;
    And one full-winged to fret
    Its tender oubliette,
The warding mother-heart above it woke,
  Darkling she lay in doubt, then, sudden wise,
Whispered her husband's drowsy ear and broke
  The estranging seal of slumber from his eyes:
  "My hour is nigh: arise!"

Already, when, with arms for comfort linked,
  The lovers at an eastward window stood.
The rosy day, in cloudy swaddlings, blinked
  Through misty green new-fledged in Wister Wood.
    Breathless upon this birth
    The still-entrancèd earth
Seemed brooding, motionless in windless pace.
  Then rose thy priestly chant, O holy bird!

And heaven and earth were quickened with its grace;
To tears two wedded souls were moved who heard,
And one, unborn, was stirred!

O Comforter, enough that from thy green
Hid tabernacle in the wood's recess
To those care-haunted lovers thou, unseen,
Should'st send thy flamed-tipped song to cheer and bless.
Enough for them to hear
And feel thy presence near;
And yet when he, regardful of her ease,
Had led her back by brightening hall and stair
To her own chamber's quietude and peace,
One maple-bowered window shook with rare,
Sweet song—and thou wert there!

Hunter of souls! the loving chase so nigh
Those spirits twain had never come before.
They saw the sacred flame within thine eye;
To them the maple's depths quick glory wore,
As though God's hand had lit
His altar-fire in it,
And made a fane, of virgin verdure pleached,
Wherefrom thou might'st in numbers musical
Expound the age-sweet words thy Francis preached
To thee and thine, of God's benignant thrall
That broodeth over all.

And they, athirst for comfort, sipped thy song,
But drank not yet thy deeper homily,
Not yet, but when parturient pangs grew strong,
And from its cell the young soul struggled free—
A new joy, trailing grief,
A little crumpled leaf,

Blighted before it burgeoned from the stem
Thou, as the fabled robin to the rood,
Wert minister of charity to them;
And from the shadows of sad parenthood
They heard and understood.

Makes God one soul a lure for snaring three?
Ah! surely; so this nursling of the nest,
This teen-touched joy, ere birth anoint of thee,
Yet bears thy chrismal music in her breast.
Five Mays have come and sped
Above her sunny head,
And still the happy song abides in her.
For though on maimed limbs the body creeps,
It doth a spirit house whose pinions stir
Familiarly the far cerulean steeps
Where God His mansion keeps.

So come, O throstle,
Thou golden-tongued apostle
And little brown-frocked brother
Of the loved Assisian!
Sing courage to the mother,
Sing strength into the man,
That she who in another May
Came out of heaven, trailing care,
May never know that sometimes gray
Earth's roof is and its cupboards bare.
To them in whose sad May-time thou
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
O prophet then, be prophet now
And paraclete!

1814-1902

Aubrey de Vere was born at Limerick, the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, who was himself a poet, and of his wife, who was a Spring Rice. He was educated at home and at Trinity College, Dublin. He came early in life under the influence of Wordsworth and Tennyson, but the friend who most powerfully affected his career was Cardinal Newman. He was always deeply religious and was received into the Catholic Church while he was on his way to Italy with Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning. He was for some years a professor under Newman at the Catholic University in Dublin, but retired in 1858 and lived for the remainder of his life at Curragh Chase. His poetry is for the most part marked by delicacy of expression and meditative serenity rather than by any great surge of passion. But these qualities give de Vere a high place among the minor poets of the Nineteenth Century.

SPRING

Once more, through God's high will and grace,
  Of hours that each its task fulfils,
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place
  The valley through, and scales the hills.

Who knows not Spring? who doubts when blows
  Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
  That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;
  I know in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
  Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn, I know, once more is white;
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that surging flow
From craggy shelf, through sylvan glades,
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honeyed cowslip tufts once more
The golden slopes;—with gradual ray
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
The wood-path strews its milky way.

I see her not—I feel her near,
As charioted in mildest airs
She sails through yon empyreal sphere,
And in her arms and bosom bears

The urn of flowers, and lustral dews,
Whose sacred balm, on all things shed,
Revives the weak, the old renews,
And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

SONG

Seek not the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name while yet 'tis dark
Upon the wood!
The world is full of noble tasks
And wreaths hard won:

Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veinèd skin,
That cheek's pale roses,
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes!
Forth to the fight, true man! true knight!
The clash of arms
Shall more prevail than whisper'd tale,
To win her charms.

The Warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name;
The love that lures thee from that fight
Lures thee to shame:
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free,—
That love, or none, is fit for one
Man-shap'd like thee.

THE SUN-GOD

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
An Archer of immeasurable might:
On his left shoulder hung his quiver'd load;
Spurn'd by his steeds the eastern mountains glow'd;
Forward his eagle eye and bow of Light
He bent, and while both hands that arch embow'd,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.

No wings profaned that god-like form: around
His neck high-held an ever-moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening: while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring that th' ethereal dome
Thrill'd as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

HORN HEAD, COUNTY OF DONEGAL

Sister of Earth, her sister eldest born,
Huge world of waters, how unlike are ye!
Thy thoughts are not as her thoughts: unto thee
Her pastoral fancies are as things to scorn:
Thy heart is still with that old hoary morn
When on the formless deep, the procreant sea,
God moved alone: of that Infinity,
Thy portion then, thou art not wholly shorn.

Scant love hast thou for dells where every leaf
Boasts its own life, and every brook its song;
Thy massive floods down stream from reef to reef
With one wide pressure; thy worn cliffs along
The one insatiate Hunger moans and raves,
Hollowing its sunless crypts and sanguine caves.

Mary Ainge de Vere

Miss de Vere, who also wrote under the name of "Madeline Bridges," was well known as a magazine poet towards the end of the past century. She wrote copiously and, indeed, supported herself by poetry in New York at a time when it was even more difficult to do so in America than it is to-day. Her work does not rise to great heights, but is generally very competent.

POET AND LARK

When leaves turn outward to the light,
  And all the roads are fringed with green,
When larks are pouring, high, unseen,
  The joy they find in song and flight,
Then I, too, with the lark would wing
My little flight, and, soaring, sing.

When larks drop downward to the nest,
  And day drops downward to the sea,
And song and wing are fain to rest,
  The lark's dear wisdom guideth me,
And I too turn within my door,
Content to dream, and sing no more.

Enid Dinnis

1873-

Miss Dinnis was received into the Church in 1897, since when she has written novels and short stories and poems full of an exquisite Catholic playfulness. She lives in London.

TO MY MOTHER CHURCH

The Mother who beside her knee
  Has taught me how to pray
Would bid me of my youth make free
  In this her meadow gay.

And I have ranged the meadow o'er
  Who make this book of rhyme,
And there have filled my pinafore
  With meadowsweet and thyme.

And since the joy were incomplete
If these my own could stay,
Here in her lap and round her feet
I pour my thyme and meadowsweet
Who brought me here to play.

THE CHERUB-FOLK

In highest Heaven, at Mary's knee,
The Cherubs sit with folded wings,
And beg her by St. Charity
To tell them tales of human things.

They throw their harps down on the floor,
And all their heavenly playthings leave,
And clamour to be told once more
The faerie tale of faulty Eve.

Up into Mary's lap they climb
To hear how on a place called Earth
Once, in a wondrous thing called Time,
The Uncreated One had birth.

And she to whom a Son was given,
Plays there her Mother's part to them
And tells the Cherub-folk in Heaven
The wonder tale of Bethlehem.

A DITTY OF CREATION

What makes this earth so wondrous fair?
The will of God inhabits there,
For at Creation each thing did
The simple thing that it was bid.

God gave His mandate to the star
To tell its glory from afar.
Aloof from Earth it forms to-day
The whiteness of the Milky Way.

The purposeful, unswerving larch
Went tapering up t'wards Heaven's high arch,
And all the spreading trees were topped,
Till God said "Stop," and then it stopped.

Once, to the wild thyme, least of all,
God said, "Be small," and it was small.
So doth it by its littleness
Most perfectly Perfection bless.

It's only in the heart of Man
That God's frustrated in His plan.
Man's little wisdom, yours and mine,
Alone upsets the great design—

The workings of the human heart,
So scornful of the wild thyme's art.
If trees and flowers were wise as men
Oh! Nature would be ugly then!

James B. Dollard

1872-

Father Dollard was born at Kilkenny, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1890 and was ordained at Montreal in 1896. He is now Parish Priest of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto. His literary work comprises four volumes of poems and a collection of short stories.

THE SOUL OF KARNAGHAN BUIDHE

It was the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
  Left his lips with a groan.
Like arrowy lightning bolt released
  It sprang to the Judgment throne.

Spoke the Judge: "For as many years
  As the numbered drops of the sea
I grant you heaven—but thenceforth hell
  Your bitter lot shall be."

Prayed the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
  (The trembling soul of Karnaghan Buidhe)
"Dear Lord, who died on Calvary,
  Too brief that span of heaven for me."

Then spoke the Lord: "For as many years
  As numbered sands on the shore,
The joys of heaven I give—but thence
  You'll see my face no more."

Pleaded the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
  (*The shuddering soul of Karnaghan Buidhe*)
"Blessed Lord who died on the shameful tree,
  Too brief that span of heaven for me."

Once more the Judge: "The blades of grass
  That earth-winds ever blew
A year of heaven I'll count for each
  Till hell shall yawn for you."

Prayed the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
  (*The anguished soul of Karnaghan Buidhe*)

"Kind Lord, who died in agony,
Too brief that spell of heaven for me.

"But this I ask, O Christ—a year
Of hell for each of these:
The blades of grass, the grains of sand,
The drops that make the seas!
And after this, sweet Lord, with Thee
In heaven for all eternity!"

Spoke the Judge, and His smile of love
Gladdened the waiting choir above:
"Sin and sorrow forever past,
Heaven I grant you, first and last!"

Francis P. Donnelly

1869-

Father Donnelly was born at Pittston, Penn. He was educated at Villanova College and at Fordham University. In 1888 he entered the Society of Jesus and since his ordination has taught English in various Jesuit colleges, of one of which (Gonzaga) he was for a time president. He is now stationed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Among his many books is one volume of verse, *Shepherd My Thoughts,* from which the sonnet given here, is taken.

THE VICTORY

Let all time's saddening misbelief march out,
Dreams of false science, brilliance of dissent,
Dark facts, whatever subtleties invent
To drive faith's weakness to the edge of rout;
Let loose the deadly phalanxes of doubt

Madly to storm at every battlement,
While everywhere the hideous air is rent
With jeering mockery and blatant shout.
Then baffled reason seems to yield retreat;
But should the soul grow chill in face of death
Or inward bleed with some deep wound of grief,
Tho' the dazed mind were crushed by trampling feet,
The yearning heart would whisper with last breath:
"Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

Lord Alfred Douglas

1870-

Lord Alfred Douglas is a son of the Marquess of Queensberry. He was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. His *Collected Poems* was published in 1919, and he has also written several volumes of light verse and a biography of Oscar Wilde.

THE GREEN RIVER

I know a green grass path that leaves the field,
And, like a running river, winds along
Into a leafy wood where is no throng
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield
Their music to the moon. The place is seal'd,
An unclaimed sovereignty of voiceless song,
And all the unravish'd silences belong
To some sweet singer lost or unreveal'd.

So is my soul become a silent place.
Oh, may I wake from this uneasy night
To find a voice of music manifold.

Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

TO OLIVE

I have been profligate of happiness
And reckless of the world's hostility,
The blessèd part has not been given me
Gladly to suffer fools; I do confess
I have enticed and merited distress,
By this, that I have never bow'd the knee
Before the shrine of wise Hypocrisy,
Nor worn self-righteous anger like a dress.

Yet write you this, sweet one, when I am dead:
"Love like a lamp sway'd over all his days
And all his life was like a lamp-lit chamber,
Where is no nook, no chink unvisited
By the soft affluence of golden rays,
And all the room is bathed in liquid amber."

Eleanor Downing

Miss Downing was born at New York and educated at Trinity College, Washington, and at Columbia University. She is now a candidate for her doctor's degree from Oxford. She has taught at Trinity College and Georgiancourt College, and has just accepted an appointment on the faculty of the College of Mt. St. Joseph, Philadelphia.

TRANSMUTATION

Have you heard silence singing in the twilight,
When all was hushed and grey,

When black and still across white pools unrippled
The shadows lay?
When from the marshlands rose the mists upcurling,
And not a wind-breath stirred,
And not a cricket quavered from the meadow,
Nor note of bird—
Have you not heard silence murmurously singing
Into your ear,
A magic music wrung from depth of shadow
And of fear?

Have you seen beauty blooming in the wasteland,
Where all lay parched and white.
Beneath the terror of the all-revealing
Enshrouding light?
When noon lay level on the tortured prairie
Where cloud-shapes never pass,
And dew drips not upon the rough-thorned cactus
And tawny grass—
Have you seen beauty, starry-petaled, blooming
Before your eyes,
The desert-rose that blossoms from the anguish
Of burning skies?

ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

"Mary, uplifted to our sight
In cloudy vesture stainless-white,
Why are thine eyes like stars alight,
Twin flames of charity?"
"Mine eyes are on His glorious face
That shone not on earth's darkened place,
But clothed and crowned me with His grace—
The God Who fathered me!"

"Mary, against the sinless glow
Of angel pinions white as snow,
Why are thy fair lips parted so
In ecstasy of love?"
"My lips are parted to His breath
Who breathed on me in Nazareth
And gave me life to live in death—
My Spouse, the spotless Dove!"

"Mary, whose eager feet would spurn
The very clouds, whose pale hands yearn
Toward rifted Heaven, what white fires burn
Where once was fixed the sword?"
"The fires I felt when His child head
Lay on this mother's heart that bled,
And when it lay there stark and dead—
My little Child, my Lord!"

Ernest Dowson

1867-1900

The spiritual progress of Dowson's poetry was marked by: First—a sad paganism, then a sadder scepticism, finally a serene, if somewhat melancholy, Catholicism. Like many of the writers and artists of the Eighteen Nineties, he came into the Church, but wearily, and to find rest. The robust spirit which characterizes most of our Catholic poets was not his. His poetry is, in the decadent manner, "the careful strains of art." But it has its own pale loveliness.

TO ONE IN BEDLAM

With delicate mad hands behind his sordid bars,
Surely he hath his posies, which they tear and twine;
Those scentless wisps of straw, that miserably line
His strait, caged universe, whereat the dull world stares,

Pedant and pitiful. O, how his rapt gaze wars
With their stupidity! Know they what dreams divine
Lift his long, laughing reveries like enchanted wine,
And make his melancholy germain to the stars?

O lamentable brother! if those pity thee,
Am I not fain of all thy lone eyes promise me;
Half a fool's kingdom, far from men who sow and reap,
All their days, vanity? Better than mortal flowers
Thy moon-kissed roses seem: better than love or sleep
The star-crowned solitude of thine oblivious hours!

CARTHUSIANS

Through what long heaviness, assayed in what strange fire,
Have these white monks been brought into the way of peace,
Despising the world's wisdom and the world's desire,
Which from the body of this death bring no release?

Within their austere walls no voices penetrate;
A sacred silence only, as of death obtains;
Nothing finds entry here of loud or passionate;
This quiet is the exceeding profit of their pains.

From many lands they came, in divers fiery ways;
Each knew at last the vanity of earthly joys;
And one was crowned with thorns, and one was crowned with bays,
And each was tired at last of the world's foolish noise.

It was not theirs with Dominic to preach God's holy
wrath;
They were too stern to bear sweet Francis' gentle
sway;
Theirs was a higher calling and a steeper path,
To dwell alone with Christ, to meditate and pray.

A cloistered company, they are companionless,
None knoweth here the secret of his brother's heart:
They are but come together for more loneliness,
Whose bond is solitude and silence all their part.

O beatific life! Who is there shall gainsay
Your great refusal's victory, your little loss,
Deserting vanity for the more perfect way,
The sweetest service of the most dolorous Cross?

Ye shall prevail at last! Surely ye shall prevail!
Your silence and austerity shall win at last:
Desire and Mirth, the world's ephemeral lights shall fail;
The sweet star of your queen is never overcast.

We fling up flowers and laugh, we laugh across the wine;
With wine we dull our souls and careful strains of art;
Our cups are polished skulls round which the roses twine;
None dares to look at Death who leers and lurks apart.

Move on, white company, whom that has not sufficed!
Our viols cease, our wine is death, our roses fail:
Pray for our heedlessness, O dwellers with the Christ!
Though the world fall apart, surely ye shall prevail.

Miss Duggan was born in New Zealand, where she still lives, of Irish parents. Her work is full of Irish traditions, and her spirit is Irish even when, as in "A New Zealand Christmas," she writes out of love for the land which is her home. New Zealand has produced in Eileen Duggan a poet to be proud of.

A NEW ZEALAND CHRISTMAS

Oh, the grace was on it that You chose that country!
We too have oxen and our straw is sweet;
We have shepherds too now, and stables and a manger,
Had we but one footprint of Your little feet.

Oh, my heart goes crying through the days of summer,
Through the sleepy summer, slow with streams and bees,
Had my land been old then, here You might have lighted,
Here have seen Your first moon through the ngaio trees.

Oh, my heart goes crying through the days of waiting
While our lilies open and our tuis sing,
Had my Lord been born here angels might have ringed us,
Standing round our islands, wing wide to wing.

Had my Lord been born here in the time of rata,
Three dark-eyed chieftains would have knelt to Him,
With greenstone and mats and the proud huia feather,
And the eyes of Mary seeing would grow dim.

Our sky would be an orchard with stars for apple blossoms
Our own, alas, hidden, that cluster of loss,
Exiled from sight by some great thoughtful angel
Lest You too soon should look upon a cross.

And our weary shepherds, rough-armed, but tender,
Men whose ears are gentle for sheep and lambs that mourn,
Ah, they would have risen, lonely to the lightning,
Laughing and sobbing, "The Lamb of Lambs is born."

Oh, my heart goes sighing through these days of waiting,
We too have oxen and our straw is sweet,
We have shepherds too now and stables and a manger.
Oh, for one clear footprint of Your little feet!

QUARANTANA

Young Christ went groaning up to Quarantana,
With His tall head flung up against the sky,
Spring cried to Him from every bush and bramble;
He passed her slowly by.

And every tree was given up to blossom,
And every bee burred in the broken lane,
But as He passed the little bees and blossoms
Were still with love and pain.

And every bird bent sideways in its sorrow,
And whispered softly to Him as he went,
"My brightness, are you black and lost in anguish?
My sweetness, are you spent?"

Yea, every bird except the careless cuckoo
That, working on in flurry and in fret,
Hollowed a nest and cried its own name over,
Nor saw His eyes were wet.

Young Christ came smiling down from Quarantana;
He blessed each bird along the broken lane,
And said, "My little pity, it is over.
My gladness, sing again."

And then He turned and looked upon the cuckoo.
It gave one cry and flew off to the west;
Since then it may not cease its haunted crying,
Nor ever build a nest.

FAITH

Once on a dewy morning,
With the blue sky blowing apart,
Each bud broke on my eyelids,
Each bird flew through my heart.

I prayed for the faith of a starling
Under the tawny trees,
A child or a holy woman—
What could be greater than these?

But now on a heavy morning
With the dull sky blowing apart,
When no flower blesses my eyelids,
And no wing brushes my heart,

I, made surer by sorrow,
Beg what seems more to me,
The faith of a willow in winter,
Or a blind hound nosing the knee.

ST. PETER

Each has his saint, and one may dream
Of Francis walking in a field,
Another turn where Michael dark
Springs slim and wild to lift his shield.

A third may let his loving light
Upon the whirling torch of Paul,
I dream of Peter's shaggy head
Bent blinking o'er his haul.

I smile for that old simple tongue,
So quick, so breathless to begin,
That snubbed and silenced o'er and o'er
Could never lock its wonder in.

I kneel to those old dogged feet
That padded on from shore to city,
I cry for that old troubled heart
That tried to tempt God out of pity.

And what of that old broken soul
That crept out sobbing from the light,
Closing its ears against the bird
And beating blindly through the night!

How could he know except in tales
The majesty, the rune of law,
An old man bred to nets and sails
Betrayed by ignorance and awe.

Ah, dear to me! Ah, dear to me!
That fear, that flying from the rod,
That ancient infidelity
Rewarded by a risen God.

Michael Earls

1875-

Father Earls was born at Southbridge, Mass., and was educated at Holy Cross College, Georgetown, and in Paris. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1899, and is now teaching English at Holy Cross College. He is the author of four novels, four books of verse and a collection of essays.

AN AUTUMN ROSE-TREE

It seemed too late for roses
When I walked abroad to-day,
October stood in silence,
By the hedges all the way:
Yet did I hear a singing,
And I saw a red rose-tree:—
In fields so gray with autumn
How could song or roses be?

Oh, it was never maple
Nor the dogwood's coat afire,
No sage with scarlet banners,
Nor the poppy's vested choir:
The breeze that may be music
When the summer lawns are fair
Will have no heart for singing
In the autumn's mournful air.

As I went up the roadway,
  Under cold and lonely skies,
A song I heard, a rose-tree
  Waved to me in glad surprise:—
A red cloak and a ribbon
  (Round the braided hair of jet),
And redder cheeks than roses
  Of a little Margaret.

Now God is good in autumn;
  He can name the birds that sing;
He loves the hearts of children
  More than flowery fields of spring:
And when the years of winter
  Gray with Margaret will be,
God will find her love still blossom
  Like a red rose-tree.

Helen Parry Eden

1885-

Mrs. Eden is the daughter of Judge Parry. She married Denis Eden, the artist, in 1906. She was educated at Manchester University, and studied painting under Byam Shaw and Rex Vicat Cole. Her books of poems are *Bread and Circuses* and *Coal and Candlelight,* both of which combine true poetic imagination with humor and the deft skill of the writer of light verse. Her *String of Sapphires,* a rhymed life of our Lord written for children, deserves to become, and probably will become, a classic. She was received into the Church, with her husband, in 1909.

THE DISTRACTION

Betsey, 'tis very like that I shall be—
When death shall wreak my life's economy—
Repaid with pains for contemplating thee

Unwisely out of season. With the rest
We knelt at Mass, not yet disperst and blest,
Waiting the imminent *"Ite missa est."*

And I, who turned a little from the pure
Pursuit of mine intention to make sure
My child knelt undistracted and demure,

Did fall into that sin. And ere the close
Of the grave Canon's *"Benedicat vos . . ."*
Had scanned her hair and said, "How thick it grows

Over the little golden neck of her!"
So doth the mother sway the worshipper
And snatch the holiest intervals to err.

Nor piety constrained me, nor the place;
But I commended, 'gainst the light's full grace,
The little furry outline of her face.

A PARLEY WITH GRIEF

Grief, let us come to terms! Your strict siege narrows
In on the final citadel of my soul,
Perish the outworks in a storm of arrows,
Mangonel, mace and battle-axe gain their goal.

Yet have we still provision and caparison,
You will not brook, nor we admit, defeat—
Then take the broken fort nor grudge the garrison
Generous safe-conduct and a proud retreat.
Granted, O Grief? So am I saved disbanding,
Even in my end, the powers that called me chief—
Sick Memory, weak Will and Understanding
Wounded to death. Marvellest thou, chivalrous Grief,
Seeing us slink into the eternal distance,
A foe so faint should make such long resistance?

AN AFTERTHOUGHT ON APPLES

While yet unfallen apples throng the bough,
To ripen as they cling
In lieu of the lost bloom, I ponder how
Myself did flower in so rough a spring,
And was not set in grace
When the first flush was gone from summer's face.
How in my tardy season, making one
Of a crude congregation, sour in sin,
I nodded like a green-clad mandarin,
Averse from all that savoured of the sun.
But now throughout these last autumnal weeks
What skyey gales mine arrogant station thresh,
What sunbeams mellow my beshadowed cheeks,
What steely storms cudgel mine obdurate flesh;
Less loth am I to see my fellows launch
Forth from my side into the air's abyss,
Whose own stalk is
Grown untenacious of its wonted branch.
And yet, O God,
Tumble me not at last upon the sod,

Or, still superb above my fallen kind,
Grant not my golden rind
To the black starlings screaming in the mist.
Nay, rather on some gentle day and bland
Give Thou Thyself my stalk a little twist,
Dear Lord, and I shall fall into Thy hand.

Maurice Francis Egan

1852-1924

Maurice Francis Egan was born at Philadelphia. He was educated at La Salle College and Georgetown College. From 1880 he edited the *Freeman's Journal* until, in 1888, he became Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame. This position he held until his appointment as Professor at the Catholic University of America. From 1907 to 1918 he served as American Minister to Denmark. Dr. Egan was the author of many novels and critical studies, an autobiography, and a couple of volumes of poems. He was possibly the most distinguished lay Catholic in America, and was certainly blessed with a charm of personality that made him universally popular.

MAURICE DE GUERIN

The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
  Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
  Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs, and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise,
  Brought charmèd thoughts; and in earth everywhere
  He, like sad Jaques, found a music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.
A pagan heart, a Christian soul, had he.
  He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,

Till earth and heaven met within his breast;
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

Edwin Essex

1891-

Father Essex was born at Hull, England. He was educated by the Dominican Fathers and entered the Order in 1909, being ordained in 1917. Father Essex was editor of *Blackfriars* from 1924 to 1925. His *Poems* were published in 1923. He is now attached to the Dominican Priory at Pendleton, Manchester.

LONELINESS

My soul has solitudes
Where no pace falls;
Thy silent trespassings
No man forestalls.

My soul has silences
No voice can break;
Only Thy hidden words
Its echoes wake.

But oh, the solitudes
Shouldst Thou not come!
The stricken silences,
When Thou art dumb!

EPIGRAM

So must outlive we even earth and sky,
Thou, God, and I, in one persistent Now.
And when Eternity is old then Thou
Shalt still be young, but how much younger I!

Frederick William Faber

1814-1863

Wordsworth's famous remark that the world lost a great poet when Faber became a Catholic was not unjust. For though the born poet appears in nearly everything that he wrote—a stroke of genius often occurring in his worst doggerel—he worked in haste and in order to supply a demand for Catholic hymns. Many of these, such as "Hark, Hark, My Soul," "My God, How Wonderful Thou Art!", "Souls of Men, Why Will Ye Scatter?" and "Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go," are sung everywhere in the English-speaking world, and more often by Protestants than by Catholics. As samples of his more carefully composed verse, two poems, which may be read in conjunction with his "Mundus Morosus," are given here. Father Faber followed Newman into the Church and joined with him in introducing into England the Congregation of the Oratory, St. Philip Neri's foundation.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK

The Shadow of the Rock!
Stay, Pilgrim, stay!
Night treads upon the heels of day;
There is no other resting-place this way.
The Rock is near,
The well is clear,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied
The sun is gone,
Thou art alone,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
All come alone,
All, ever since the sun hath shone,
Who travelled by this road have come alone.
Be of good cheer,
A home is here,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Night veils the land;
How the palms whisper as they stand!
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!
Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Abide! Abide!
This Rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Mid skies storm-riven

It gathers shadows out of Heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there,
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!
Thy bed is made;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath this self-same placid shade,
They who rest here
Wake with Heaven near.
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock

HERODOTUS

He was a mild old man, and cherished much
The weight dark Egypt on his spirit laid;
And with a sinuous eloquence would touch
For ever at that haven of the dead.
Single romantic words by him were thrown,
As types, on men and places, with a power
Like that of shifting sunlight after shower
Kindling the cones of hills, and journeying on.
He feared the gods and heroes, and spake low,
That echo might not hear in her light room:
He was a dweller underground; for gloom
Fitted old heathen goodness more than glow;
And, where love was not, faith might gather mirth
From ore that glistened in pale beds of earth.

1897-

Mr. Feeney was born at Lynn, Mass. In 1914 he entered the Society of Jesus and is now pursuing his theological studies at Woodstock College, Maryland. A book of his poems is to be published shortly.

THE DEATHBED

Lord, was there need of a bitter thorn
  To pierce her heart,
She who is withered and weak and worn
  And broken apart!

Why is the night so dark and no sky
  To brighten her,
When You know that it takes but a little cry
  To frighten her!

When the smallest straw would have bent her low,
  So frail and cold,
Why must You now a mountain throw
  On one so old!

See how the rivulet wrinkles run,
  And will You place
Another and yet another one
  On her tired face!

"Hush!" cried the woman, "the hour of three
  Is nigh for me!

He is up on the arms of a splintered tree
In the sky for me!
I am helping His mother to stand till He
Will die for me!"

Michael Field

Under this name wrote Edith Cooper and Katherine Bradley, aunt and niece. Much the greater part of their poetic work was in dramatic form, and it is upon their verse plays that they must be judged as poets. Their lyrics, though by no means negligible, do not possess the strength and imaginative depth of their natural tragic medium. There were more than twenty of these plays, beginning with *Callirhoë* and ending with *Dian.*

They became Catholics and exceedingly devout. Their last years contained a drama more moving even than any that they wrote. In 1912 Edith Cooper discovered that she had a cancer in her breast. But in order to miss no step of her *Via Crucis* she never would allow her pain to be alleviated with morphia. Throughout her illness she was nursed by Katherine Bradley, who became afflicted with a worse cancer, about which she was careful to say nothing to her patient, in her own breast. Not until the day of Edith Cooper's death did the nurse have the seizure which would have made concealment of her own condition impossible. She lingered on, racked with pain, but attending mass and receiving communion every morning at the Dominican Priory at Hawkesyard. But on a September morning in 1914, while she was being dressed to be carried to the church, she fell back upon the floor dead. "Fellowship" is the last poem she wrote.

A SUMMER WIND

O wind, thou hast thy kingdom in the trees,
And all thy royalties
Sweep through the land to-day.
It is mid June,

And thou, with all thy instruments in tune,
Thine orchestra
Of heaving fields and heavy swinging fir,
Strikest a lay
That doth rehearse
Her ancient freedom to the universe.
All other sound in awe
Repeats its law:
The bird is mute; the sea
Sucks up its waves; from rain
The burthened clouds refrain,
To listen to thee in thy leafery,
Thou unconfined,
Lavish, large, soothing, refluent summer wind.

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

Come down from the Cross, my soul, and save thyself—
come down!
Thou wilt be free as wind. None meeting thee will know
How thou wert hanging stark, my soul; outside the town,
Thou wilt fare to and fro;
Thy feet in grass will smell of faithful thyme; thy
head . . .
Think of the thorns, my soul—how wilt thou cast them
off,
With shudder at the bleeding clench they hold!
But on their wounds thou wilt a balsam spread,
And over that a verdurous circle rolled
With gathered violets, sweet bright violets, sweet
As incense of the thyme on thy free feet;
A wreath thou wilt not give away, nor wilt thou doff.

Come down from the Cross, my soul, and save thyself; yea, more
As scudding swans pass blithely on a seaward stream!
Thou wilt have everything thou wert made great to love;
Thou wilt have ease for every dream;
No nails with fang will hold thy purpose to one aim;
There will be arbours round about thee, not one trunk
Against thy shoulders pressed and burning them with hate,
Yea, burning with intolerable flame.
O lips, such noxious vinegar have drunk,
There are through valley-woods and mountain glades
Rivers where thirst in naked prowess wades;
And there are wells in solitude whose chill no hour abates!

Come down from the Cross, my soul, and save thyself! A sign
Thou wilt become to many as a shooting star.
They will believe thou art ethereal, divine,
When thou art where they are;
They will believe in thee and give thee feasts and praise.
They will believe thy power when thou hast loosed thy nails;
For power to them is fetterless and grand:
For destiny to them, along their ways,
Is one whose earthly kingdom never fails.
Thou wilt be as a prophet or a king
In thy tremendous term of flourishing—
And thy hot royalty with acclamation fanned.

Come down from the Cross, my soul, and save thyself! . . . Beware!
Art thou not crucified with God, who is thy breath?

Wilt thou not hang as He while mockers laugh and stare?
Wilt thou not die His death?
Wilt thou not stay as He with nails and thorns and thirst?
Wilt thou not choose to conquer faith in His lone style?
Wilt thou not be with Him and hold thee still?
Voices have cried to Him, *Come Down.* Accursed
And vain those voices, striving to beguile!
How heedless, solemn-gray in powerful mass,
Christ droops among the echoes as they pass!
O soul, remain with Him, with Him thy doom fulfil!

FELLOWSHIP

In the old accents I will sing, My Glory, my Delight,
In the old accents, tipped with flame, before we knew the right
True way of singing with reserve. O Love, with pagan might.

White in our steeds, and white too in our armour let us ride,
Immortal, white triumphing, flashing downward side by side
To where our friends, the Argonauts, are fighting with the tide.

Let us draw calm to them. Beloved, the souls on heavenly voyage bound,
Saluting as one presence. Great disaster were it found,
If one with half-fed lambency should halt and flicker round.

O friends so fondly loving, so beloved, look up to us
In constellation breaking on your errand, prosperous,
O Argonauts!

. . . . . .

Now, faded from their sight,
We cling and joy. It was thy intercession gave me right,
My Fellow, to this fellowship! My Glory, my Delight!

Alice Furlong

Miss Furlong was born at Dublin, Ireland. Her *Roses and Rue* was published in 1899. She has written stories and Irish fairy tales as well as poetry.

MY SHARE OF THE WORLD

I am jealous: I am true:
Sick at heart for love of you,
O my share of the world!
I am cold, oh, cold as stone
To all men save you alone.

Seven times slower creeps the day
When your face is far away,
O my share of the world!
Seven times darker falls the night
When you gladden not my sight.

Measureless my joy and pride
Would you choose me for your bride,
O my share of the world!
For your face is my delight,
Morn and even, noon and night.

To the dance and to the wake
Still I go but for your sake,
O my share of the world!
Just to see your face awhile,
Meet your eyes and win your smile.

And the gay word on my lip
Never lets my secret slip
To my share of the world!
Light my feet trip over the green—
But my heart cries in the keen!

My poor mother sighs anew
When my looks go after you,
O my share of the world!
And my father's brow grows black
When you smile and turn your back.

I would part with wealth and ease,
I would go beyond the seas,
For my share of the world!
I would leave my hearth and home
If he only whisper'd "Come!"

Houseless under sun and dew,
I would beg my bread with you,
O my share of the world!
Houseless in the snow and storm,
Your heart's love would keep me warm.

I would pray and I would crave
To be with you in the grave,
O my share of the world!
I would go through fire and flood,
I would give up all but God
For my share of the world!

I WILL FORGET

I will forget
The moaning of the sea about Aran;
Green beaches wet,
And grey rocks barren—
The sea-moan, against rocks that hinder and let!
(I said, and in my saying, remembered yet.)

I am the cry of the sea
Moaning about the rocks of Aran.
Ye are the rocks, cold rocks unmoved by me,
O dark-eyed people of Aran.

I will forget
The dark-eyed people of the Isles of the Old Sea:
Mairead-bheag, and Donal who talked with the Sidh.
The dark-eyed people have their own fret,
Have their own glee.
I will forget,
(I say, and in my saying, remember yet.)

Edward F. Garesché

1876-

Father Garesché was born at St. Louis, Mo., and educated at St. Louis University and Washington University. He entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained in 1912. He founded *The Queen's Work* in 1914 and edited it until 1922. He is at present editor of *Hospital Progress*. Father Garesché is the author of a number of books which include several collections of verse.

TO A HOLY INNOCENT

Sudden to felicity,
Heaven's herald summoned thee—
Barely hadst begun to be!

What a gulf, from shore to shore,
Thou didst flee in safety o'er—
Nothingness, to Heaven's door!

Wrench and wound and toils and woe,
Thou wilt never come to know
All thou 'scapest here below!

Nay—but guess it all, and pray
For us others who delay
Coming by a longer way!

TO A MARTYR

The fire was no match for thee,
Who burned with an intenser glow.
It did but help thine ardor free,
That was too trammeled here below.
The splendor of thy keen desire
Shamed the wild flames and paled the fire.

The sword was duller than thine eye,
That longed to see its blade more keen.
It clove not to thy spirit nigh,
But cleft the flesh that stood between
Thy most ambitioned Good and thee.
Death was thy life and set thee free!

1884-

Caroline Giltinan (Mrs. Leo. P. Harlow) was born at Philadelphia. During the war she served as secretary to United States Base Hospital No. 38. Her book of poems, *The Divine Image,* was published in 1917. She now lives at Alexandria, Virginia.

OVERNIGHT, A ROSE

That overnight a rose could come
I did one time believe,
For, when the fairies live with one,
They wilfully deceive.

But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently
Obedient to God.

My wonder grows, since knowledge came
Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
A winter doing this?

Nor did it know, the weary while,
What colour and perfume
With this completed loveliness
Lay in that earthly tomb.

So maybe I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow.

THE THIRTEENTH STATION

Once you journeyed with Him, Mary,—
With your Son Who died for me—
Sharing all He had to suffer
On the way to Calvary.
With the expiation over,
When they laid Him on your breast,
Did a little gladness tremble
That, at last, your Son could rest?
Mother Mary, had you comfort
Though He lay there, dead, and torn,
Taking from the head of Jesus
That embedded crown of thorn?

THE SEEKER

Nothing delicate or fine
Seems to find this soul of mine;
Only heavy harmonies
Sudden chords that jar;
Winds blowing through a forest,
Waves breaking on a bar.
So I seek for silence
Where the secrets are:
Silence like the moonlight
Or a falling star.

Oliver Gogarty

1878-

Oliver Gogarty was born at Dublin and educated at Stonyhurst and Oxford. He is a surgeon and a Senator of the Irish

Free State. He appears frequently in George Moore's *Hail and Farewell.* Mr. Gogarty's verse has been beautifully printed in a volume of 24 pages under the title *An Offering of Swans,* by Miss Elizabeth Yeats, and published by the Cuala Press. His spirit belongs among the Carolines and is full of irony and raillery.

GOOD LUCK

Apples of gold the Hero dropt
As he was in the race outstript;
And Atalanta running stopt,
And all her lovely body dipt
A moment; but she lost her stride—
And had to go to bed a bride.

And was it not a cordial strong
By which the young Iseult was filled
With passion for a whole life long;
For that was what the juice instilled?
So he who kept the unwitting tryst
Was sure of love before he kissed.

But where can I get Western gold,
Or posset of constraining fire?—
I who am fated to behold
Beauty outdistancing desire?
Aye; and to falter wonder-struck;
There's no good love without good luck!

GOLDEN STOCKINGS

Golden stockings you had on
In the meadow where you ran;

And your little knees together
Bobbed like pippins in the weather
When the breezes rush and fight
For those dimples of delight;
And they dance from the pursuit,
And the leaf looks like the fruit.

I have many a sight in mind
That would last if I were blind;
Many verses I could write
That would bring me many a sight.
Now I only see but one,
See you running in the sun;
And the gold-dust coming up
From the trampled butter-cup.

John Gray

1866-

Father Gray was born at London. He first became known as a poet in the brilliant literary circle of the Nineties. While still a boy he became a Catholic. The priesthood claimed him and he was ordained at Rome in 1901 and soon afterwards built the beautiful St. Peter's Church at Edinburgh where he is still the rector. His *Spiritual Poems,* from which the two poems printed here are taken, are, like all his books, very rare. Father Gray has collected and edited the letters of Aubrey Beardsley.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

From what meek jewel seed
Did this tree spring?
How first beat its new life in bleak abode

Of virgin rock, strange metals for its food,
Towards its last hewn mould, the bitter rood?
First did it sprout, indeed,
A double wing.

Earth hung with its gross weight
Its loins unto:
The tender wings, with hope in every vein,
Beat feebly upward, saying: "Is this the pain
The Sooth spake of; to lift to God again
This blackness' dark estate
Reformed anew?

"Mine 'tis, of fruit mine own,
To work this deed:
Earnest of promise absolute, these green
Sweet wings; a million engines pulse therein.
Yet can I leave not for a space, to lean
Upon a fulcrum known,
To know my need."

With which, the seed upthrust
To God a scale;
Wondering at its fibre and tough growth;
Saying, the while it purposed: "For He knoweth
My sore extremity, how I am loth
To cleave unto the dust
Which makes me hale."

Long while the scale increased
In height and girth;
Cast many branches forth and many wings;
Wherein and under, formed and fashioned things
Had great content and speech and twitterings:

Insect and fowl and beast
And sons of earth.

Stern, netherward did grope
Each resolute root
Of the tree, making question in the deep
Of spirits, where the mighty metals sleep,
How long ere from its base the rock should leap;
Saying: "Yet have I hope
Of that my fruit."

Sprang from its topmost bough
The hope at length,
Fearsome and fierce and passionate. The sire
Warmed his son's vitals with celestial fire,
Feeding him with sweet gum of strong desire,
Lest be not stanch enow
His godly strength.

Until the gardener came
With his white spouse,
Wounding the tree, and ravishing the son
(Whence curses fallen and a world undone),
For that rape, wrathfully a shining one
Drave them with fearful flame
Without their house.

Race upon savage race,
Rough brood on brood,
Defiled before it, whiles the tree scanned each;
Leaned leaf and branch to grapple and beseech;
Till, on a certain day, requiring speech
Of the tree, at its base
The whole world stood:

"What hast thou given us,
Thou barren tree?
'Knowledge,' thou answerest? Thou hast set agape
The door of Knowledge only. Thy limbs ape
Some truth. We love thee not, nor love thy shape.
Imposture, thus and thus
We fashion thee."

Sorely then handled it
The gardener's sons.
Strangely they built it newly, having cleft
Its being all asunder; stem bereft
Of quivering limbs, save one to right and left,
Urging the self-same wit
It gave them once.

"Lo! all my glories fall.
Of these my woes,
What know those wrathful men, save, in yon place,
Perhaps, yon athlete, stripped for my embrace?
If longing cheat me not, writ in his face,
He knows about it all,
He knows, he knows.

"Sorrow! What sin they now,
Those wrathful men?
Passion! thou'rt come to me again too soon:
Too hot thou giv'st me back the fiery boon
I gave thee; love consumes me, that I swoon;
Thou, on my topmost bough,
My fruit again."

LORD, IF THOU ART NOT PRESENT

Lord, if Thou art not present, where shall I
Seek Thee the absent? If Thou art everywhere,
How is it that I do not see Thee nigh?

Thou dwellest in a light remote and fair.
How can I reach that light, Lord? I beseech
Thee, teach my seeking, and Thyself declare

Thyself the sought to me. Unless Thou teach
Me, Lord, I cannot seek; nor can I find
Thee, if Thou wilt not come within my reach.

Lord, let me seek, with sturdy heart and mind,
In passion of desire and longingly.
Let me desire Thee, seeking Thee; and find . . .
Loving Thee, find Thee; love Thee, finding Thee.

Gerald Griffin

1803-1840

Griffin was born at Limerick in Ireland. At the age of nineteen he went up to London "with a few pounds in one pocket and a brace of tragedies in the other," inflamed with the idea of reforming the Metropolitan stage. It was not until two years after Griffin's death that Macready produced *Gisippus* at Drury Lane. After a period spent as a publisher's reader, Griffin became successful as a novelist and short-story writer, but his mind turned in the direction of the priesthood. Feeling, however, his unworthiness for the higher ecclesiastical station, he entered the Institute of the Christian Brothers in 1838, and two years later died in their monastery at Cork.

EILEEN AROON

When, like the early rose,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye,
Eileen aroon!
Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
Oh! it is Truth alone,
Eileen aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy or woe?
Only the constant know—
Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen aroon!

Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileen aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen aroon!

Were she no longer true,
Eileen aroon!
What should her lover do?
Eileen aroon!
Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Eileen aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixèd star,
Eileen aroon!

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

I love my Love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair—
Her blushing cheek its crimson streak,
Its clouds her golden hair,
Her glance its beam so soft and kind,
Her tears its dewy showers,
And her voice the tender whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers.

I love my Love in the morning,
I love my Love at noon,
For she is bright as the lord of light,
Yet mild as Autumn's moon.
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one
Till ever the sun shall fade.

I love my Love in the morning,
I love my Love at even;
Her smile's soft play is like the ray
That lights the western heaven.
I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose,
But best of all when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close.

1861-1920

Miss Guiney was born at the Boston suburb of Roxbury, the daughter of a young lawyer who, shortly after her birth, enlisted in the army of the Union, where he remained until he was retired with a general's rank and a bullet wound that was to kill him some years later. Louise was educated by the Madames of the Sacred Heart in Providence, Rhode Island, and desired—since she had had the bad luck of being born a girl and so unable to be a soldier—to enter the order in which she had been educated. Her father's death, however, threw upon her young shoulders the responsibility of supporting her mother and aunt. Accordingly she took the office of Postmistress of Auburndale, Mass., where she had to suffer from the local anti-Catholic bigotry.

Her first poems and essays brought her fame and the friendship of the Boston literary pundits. There is a delightful picture of her entering the study of the aged Oliver Wendell Holmes accompanied by her St. Bernard dog, and of the Autocrat getting safely behind the shelter of a table while he tried to placate the terrifying animal with "Good doggie! Good doggie!"

Miss Guiney's life, however, was not to be spent in America, but in England, where she found her spiritual home. But, apart from a circle of distinguished admirers, her work was neglected in that country and her absence from America did not increase her reputation at home. Moreover, the muse failed her; and she devoted the second half of her life to what was to her the delightful task of editing and reviving the reputation of unjustly neglected poets. She was at work upon an edition of the Recusant Poets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries when she died at Chipping Campden, near her beloved Oxford.

Without going so far as her biographer, Miss Alice Brown, in holding her to be "the maker of the most authentic and exquisite verse America has yet produced," we may believe that her merit has not yet been fully recognized. She had her own unmistakable note and thoroughly understood her limitations. Her work will always delight lovers of good verse.

THE KINGS

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

(Donatello's Saint George.)

Spirits of old that bore me,
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
And deeds as great behind,
Knowing humanity my star
As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me wear with every scar
Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me
From summer's groaning cloud,
Or ever malice touch me,
And glory make me proud.

Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire:
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection
Rivet mine armour gay!
The passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way!
The arrows of the upper slope
From sudden ambush cast,
Rain quick and true, with one to ope
My Paradise at last!

I fear no breathing bowman,
But only, east and west,
The awful other foeman
Impowered in my breast.
The outer fray in the sun shall be,
The inner beneath the moon;
And may Our Lady lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon!

ARBORICIDE

A word of grief to me erewhile:
We have cut the oak down, in our isle.

And I said: "Ye have bereaven
The song-thrush and the bee,
And the fisher-boy at sea
Of his sea-mark in the even;

And gourds of cooling shade, to lie
Within the sickle's sound;
And the old sheep-dog's loyal eye
Of sleep on duty's ground;
And poets of their tent
And quiet tenement.
Ah, impious! who so paid
Such fatherhood, and made
Of murmurous immortality a cargo and a trade."

For the hewn oak a century fair,
A wound in earth, an ache in air.

And I said: "No pillared height
With a summer daïs over,
Where a dryad fled her lover
Through the long arcade of light;
Nor 'neath Arcturus rolleth more,
Since the loud leaves are gone,
Between the shorn cliff and the shore,
Pan's organ antiphon.
Some nameless envy fed
This blow at grandeur's head:
Some breathed reproach, o'erdue,
Degenerate men, ye drew!
Hence, for his too plain heavenliness, our Socrates ye slew."

TO A DOG'S MEMORY

The gusty morns are here,
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,
Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine,

The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine:
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,
Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now
With odours of the sappy orchard-bough,
And brooks begin to brawl along the march;
Steams the late frost from hollow sedges high;
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,
The marsh-born marigold that children spy,
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,—
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,
Having free feet that never felt a gyve
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found
The sunless April uplands underground,
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.
My beautiful! arise in might and mirth
(For we were tameless travellers from our birth);
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,
And keep the watch for me.

WHEN ON THE MARGE OF EVENING

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
And winds of dreamy odour are loosened from afar,
Or when my lattice opens, before the lark hath spoken,
On dim laburnum-blossoms, and morning's dying star,

I think of thee (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!),
Whose greater noonday splendours the many share and see,
While sacred and for ever, some perfect law is keeping
The late, the early twilight, alone and sweet for me.

FROM *FIFTEEN EPITAPHS*

I

I laid the strewings, darling, on thine urn;
I lowered the torch, I poured the cup to Dis.
Now hushaby, my little child, and learn
Long sleep how good it is.

In vain thy mother prays, wayfaring hence,
Peace to her heart, where only heartaches dwell;
But thou more blest, O mild intelligence!
Forget her, and Farewell.

IX

Jaffa ended, Cos begun
Thee, Aristeus. Thou wert one
Fit to trample out the sun:
Who shall think thine ardours are
But a cinder in a jar?

XIII

Go you by with gentle tread.
This was Paula, who is dead:
Dear grey eyes that had a look
Like some rock-o'ershadowed brook,

Voice upon the ear to cling
Sweeter than the cithern string.
With that spirit shy and fair
Quietly and unaware
Climbing past the starry van,
Went, for triple talisman,
They to whom the heavens must ope:
Candour, Chastity, and Hope.

OF JOAN'S YOUTH

I would unto my fair restore
A simple thing:
The flushing cheek she had before!
Out-velveting
No more, no more,
On Severn shore,
The carmine grape, the moth's auroral wing.

Ah, say how winds in flooding grass
Unmoor the rose;
Or guileful ways the salmon pass
To sea, disclose:
For so, alas,
With Love, alas,
With fatal, fatal Love a girlhood goes.

Joel Chandler Harris

1848-1908

"Uncle Remus" was born at Eatonton, Georgia, of humble parentage. Not until 1877 did he discover his vocation, but from that year on came the steady procession of his inimitable

books. His verse did not bulk large as compared with his prose; but several of his songs are masterpieces in their way. He had long been a Catholic at heart, and only shyness had prevented him from seeking admission into the Church. He was baptized on June 20th, 1908, a few weeks before his death.

THE PLOUGH-HANDS' SONG

Nigger mighty happy w'en he layin' by co'n—
Dat sun's a-slantin';
Nigger mighty happy w'en he year de dinner ho'n—
Dat sun's a-slantin';
En he mo' happy still w'en de night draws on—
Dat sun's a-slantin';
Dat sun's a-slantin' des ez sho's you bo'n!
En it's rise up, Primus! fetch anudder yell:
Dat ole dun cow des a-shakin' up 'er bell,
En de frogs chunin' up 'fo de jew done fell:
Good-night, Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!—
Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!—
I wish you mighty well!

De co'n 'll be ready 'g'inst dumplin' day,
Dat sun's a-slantin';
But nigger gotter watch, en stick, en stay,
Dat sun's a-slantin';
Same ez de bee-martin watchin' un de jay,
Dat sun's a-slantin';
Dat sun's a-slantin' en a-slippin' away!
Den it's rise up, Primus! en gin it t'um strong:
De cow's gwine home wid der ding-dang-dong;
Sling in anudder tech er de ole time song:
Good-night, Mr. Wipperwill! don't stay long!—
Mr. Wipperwill! don't stay long!—
Don't stay long!

De shadders, dey er creepin' todes de top er de hill,
Dat sun's a-slantin';
But night don't 'stroy w'at de day done buil',
Dat sun's a-slantin';
'Less de noddin' er de nigger give de ash-cake a chill—
Dat sun's a-slantin';
Dat sun's a-slantin' en slippin' down still!
Den sing it out, Primus! des holler en bawl,
En w'ilst we er strippin' deze mules for de stall,
Let de gals ketch de soun' er de plantashun call:
Oh, it's good-night, ladies! my love unter you all!—
Ladies! my love unter you all!—
My love unter you all!

Robert Stephen Hawker

1803-1875

Hawker was born in Devonshire, the son of a struggling doctor who afterwards became a struggling curate in the Church of England. From him the poet inherited not only his passionate piety and charity but also his eccentricity. After being educated at Cheltenham and Oxford the son became vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, where he remained until his death. To his people Hawker was the tenderest—if one of the most despotic—of pastors. To the very fabric of his church—as may be seen from one of the poems in this selection—he had a profound attachment.

The altars where, in holier days,
Our fathers were forgiven,
Who went with meek and faithful ways
Through the old aisles to heaven!

Hawker died at Plymouth on the feast of the Assumption of our Lady. Upon his deathbed he was received into the Catholic Church. Some of his Anglican friends, in particular

Mr. Baring Gould in his delightful book on Hawker, have tried to prove that the reception took place at a time when the convert's mind was not responsible for itself. Against this we have Mrs. Hawker's testimony. What is certain is that the Parson of Morwenstow was always a Catholic in mind. His last act brought the eccentric into the centre.

KING ARTHUR'S WAES-HAEL

Waes-hael for knight and dame!
O! merry be their dole;
Drink-hael! in Jesu's name
We fill the tawny bowl;
But cover down the curving crest,
Mould of the Orient Lady's breast.

Waes-hael! yet lift no lid:
Drain ye the reeds for wine.
Drink-hael! the milk was hid
That soothed the Babe divine;
Hushed, as this hollow channel flows,
He drew the balsam from the rose.

Waes-hael! thus glowed the breast
Where a God yearned to cling;
Drink-hael! So Jesu pressed
Life from its mystic spring;
Then hush, and bend in reverent sign,
And breathe the thrilling reeds for wine.

Waes-hael! in shadowy scene,
Lo! Christmas children we;
Drink-hael! behold we lean
At a far Mother's knee;
To dream, that thus her bosom smiled,
And learn the lip of Bethlehem's Child.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do!

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'd set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With 'One and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all:
Here's men as good as you!

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die:
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!"

AISHAH SHECHINAH

A shape, like folded light, embodied air,
Yet wreathed with flesh, and warm;
All that of Heaven is feminine and fair,
Moulded in visible form.

She stood, the Lady Shechinah of Earth,
A chancel for the sky;—
Where woke, to breath and beauty, God's own birth,
For men to see Him by.

Round her, too pure to mingle with the day,
Light, that was Life, abode;
Folded within her fibres meekly lay
The link of boundless God.

So linked, so blent, that when, with pulse fulfilled,
Moved but that infant Hand,
Far, far away, His conscious Godhead thrilled,
And stars might understand.

Lo! where they pause, with intergathering rest,
The Threefold and the One!
And lo! He binds them to her Orient breast,
His Manhood girded on.

The Zone, where two glad worlds for ever meet,
Beneath that bosom ran:
Deep in that womb, the conquering Paraclete
Smote Godhead on to man!

Sole scene among the stars; where, yearning, glide
The Threefold and the One:
Her God upon her lap: the Virgin-Bride,
Her awful Child: her Son.

MORWENNÆ STATIO

(The Stow, or the Place, of St. Morwenna,
hence the *Breviate, hodie,* Morwenstow.)

My Saxon shrine! the only ground
Wherein this weary heart hath rest:
What years the birds of God have found
Along thy walls their sacred nest!
The storm—the blast—the tempest shock,
Have beat upon those walls in vain;
She stands—a daughter of the rock—
The changeless God's eternal fane.

Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise of heart in wood and stone,
Who reared, with stern and trusting hands,
These dark grey towers of days unknown:
They fill'd these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth reveal:
The pillar'd arch its legends brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then:
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God, those faithful men.

They pitch'd no tent for change or death,
No home to last man's shadowy day;
There! there! the everlasting breath,
Would breathe whole centuries away.

See now, along that pillar'd aisle,
The graven arches, firm and fair:
They bend their shoulders to the toil,
And lift the hollow roof in air.
A sign! beneath the ship we stand,
The inverted vessel's arching side;
Forsaken—when the fisher-band
Went forth to sweep a mightier tide.

Pace we the ground! our footsteps tread
A cross—the builder's holiest form:
That awful couch, where once was shed
The blood, with man's forgiveness warm.
And here, just where His mighty breast
Throb'd the last agony away,
They bade the voice of worship rest,
The white-robed Levites pause and pray.

Mark! the rich rose of Sharon's bowers
Curves in the paten's mystic mould;
The lily, lady of the flowers,
Her shape must yonder chalice hold.
Types of the Mother and the Son,
The twain in this dim chancel stand:
The badge of Norman banners one,
And one a crest of English land.

How all things glow with life and thought,
  Where'er our faithful fathers trod!
The very ground with speech is fraught,
  The air is eloquent of God.
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
  The buried echoes of the past;
A voice of strength, a voice of pride,
  Here dwells amid the storm and blast.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell;
  The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
  The mighty faith of days unknown.
Yea! flood, and breeze, and battle-shock
  Shall beat upon this church in vain:
She stands, a daughter of the rock,
  The changeless God's eternal fane.

Emily H. Hickey

Miss Hickey was born at Macmine Castle in Ireland. Her first book of poems, which was immediately successful, was published in 1881, and in the same year she founded with Dr. F. J. Furnivall the Browning Society, of which she was secretary for a considerable time. Miss Hickey, in addition to writing several volumes of verse, was well known as a lecturer on English literature and as a translator of Anglo-Saxon poetry. She died on September 9th, 1924.

BELOVED, IT IS MORN

Belovèd, it is morn!
  A redder berry on the thorn,
  A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born.

Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is day!
And lovers work, as children play,
With heart and brain untired alway:
Dear love, look up and pray.
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is night!
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white,
God keep thee in His sight!
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

F. R. Higgins

1895- .

Mr. Higgins lives at Dublin, where he edits a trade paper. He is the author of a volume of poems called *Island Blood.*

OLD GALWAY

Far in a garden's wreckage,
Stark in the wind-cleared moon,
Grandees on wave-green marble
Of Connemara stone,

Gleam down the courtly pavings,
  Where wind-falls are strewn—
Tripping steps led by the stringsmen
  Thumbing an old tune.

One fashions in moon-woven satins,
  High combs in her castled hair,
Shawled in dissolving laces
  Foamed to green air,
She in the deeps of whose wild eyes
  The lost Armadas stir—
No wonder the ghosts are merry,
  Jostling by her;

After whose lovely slim movements
  Spain lives in a Galway mile,
Gallants on wave-level marble,
  She on a pale lover's smile;
Heart that she danced on a dagger,
  Dream of green nights and be still—
Dreams fade back to my ashes
  Cairning a grey hill.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

1844-1889

Father Hopkins became a convert while still at Oxford, and after a short period spent teaching at the Oratory School at Birmingham under Newman, entered the Jesuit Order, where he spent the rest of his life. His poems, with one or two exceptions, were not published until 1918, when his literary executor, the Poet Laureat, gave them to the world. He is among the most obscure of poets, for his style was loaded

with eccentricities and even, at times, with intolerable barbarities of rhyme. One instance of this will be seen in the magnificent sonnet on the Windhover; but the cutting of the word "kingdom" in half is nothing to some of the crimes of poetic violence he did not scruple to commit. Yet there is a new sort of beauty to be discovered in these poems by the reader who will grapple manfully with the minor and ignore the major difficulties.

HEAVEN—HAVEN

(A nun takes the veil)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

THE STARLIGHT NIGHT *

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the quivering citadels there!
The dim woods quick with diamond wells; the elf-eyes!

* Mr. Robert Bridges gives in his edition of Hopkins' poems a version which is very different—especially in the octet—to that given here, which follows the text of Alfred H. Miles' *The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. Which is the more correct version I do not know, but I know which I prefer.

The grey lawns cold where the quaking gold-dew lies!
Wind-beat white-beam; airy abeles all on flare!
Flake-doves sent floating out at a farmyard scare!—
Ah, well! it is a purchase and a prize.

Buy then! Bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.—
Look, look! a May-mess, like on orchard boughs;
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows.—
These are indeed the barn: within-doors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling hides the Spouse
Christ, and the mother of Christ and all his hallows.

THE WINDHOVER

(To Christ our Lord)

I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah, my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.

THE HABIT OF PERFECTION

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-coloured clothes provide
Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

INVERSNAID

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads
through
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

Lionel Johnson

1867-1902

At Winchester and Oxford Lionel Johnson received that training in classical literature which gave to all that he did what Mr. W. B. Yeats has called "its Latin weight." But his spirit was romantic, and it is this fact that accounts for his enthusiasm for the Cavaliers and still more for his passionate love for Ireland. He even invented for himself, as romantic Englishmen often do, an Irish origin. He became a Catholic in 1891. His critical work, though not so well known as his poetry, is hardly inferior to it.

THE DARK ANGEL

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence:
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtile violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,
Abides for me undesecrate:
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire:
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn
To Furies, O mine Enemy!
And all the things of beauty burn
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams
Becomes a gathering place of fears:
Until tormented slumber seems
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,
Or ripples down the dancing sea:
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,
Within the winter silences:
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,
O Master of impieties!

The ardour of red flame is thine,
And thine the steely soul of ice:
Thou poisonest the fair design
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright;
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!
O banquet of a foul delight,
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh:
Thou art the adorner of my tomb,
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith:
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death:

The second Death, that never dies,
That cannot die, when time is dead:
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!
Of two defeats, of two despairs:
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

THE CHURCH OF A DREAM

Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind,
Around the weather-worn, gray church, low down the vale:
The Saints in golden vesture shake before the gale;
The glorious windows shake, where still they dwell enshrined;
Old Saints by long dead, shrivelled hands, long since designed:
There still, although the world autumnal be, and pale,
Still in their golden vesture the old Saints prevail;
Alone with Christ, desolate else, left by mankind.

Only one ancient Priest offers the Sacrifice,
Murmuring holy Latin immemorial:
Swaying with tremulous hands the old censer full of spice,
In gray, sweet incense clouds; blue, sweet clouds mystical:
To him, in place of men, for he is old, suffice
Melancholy remembrances and vesperal.

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces, full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

CADGWITH

My windows open to the autumn night,
In vain I watched for sleep to visit me:
How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,
Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If, without sea, and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there,
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

Sombre and rich, the skies;
  Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs;
  Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
  Around me: and around
The saddest of all kings
  Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides
  Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
  No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,
  The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their station set;
  And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
  The fair and fatal king:
Dark night is all his own,
  That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
  The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
  Those brows; or the dark skies?

Although his whole heart yearn
  In passionate tragedy:
Never was face so stern
  With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death
  By beauty made amends:
The passing of his breath
  Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:
  Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence? Yea:
  And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head
  Bare to the stars of doom:
He triumphs now, the dead,
  Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
  Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
  And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!
  Men hunger for thy grace:
And through the night I go,
  Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

Blanche Mary Kelly

1881-

Miss Kelly was born at Troy, N. Y., and educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Albany. For fifteen years she was on the editorial board of *The Catholic Encyclopædia,* and is now a member of the College of Mount Saint Vincent in New York.

HORIZONS

If I had never from a mountain height
Looked on the stars at night,
Nor watched the sun from out a molten sea
Leap in full panoply,
I had not found so strait to eyes and feet
The city street.

If I had never through the heavens wide
Seen throned the Crucified,
Nor heard amid the stillness of the night
"I am thy sole delight,"
I had gone forward with a heart more gay
Another way.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER

Lady, who with tender ward
Didst keep the house of Christ the Lord,

Who didst set forth the bread and wine
Before the Living Wheat and Vine,
Reverently didst make the bed
Whereon was laid the holy Head
That such a cruel pillow prest
For our behoof, on Calvary's crest;
Be beside me while I go
About my labours to and fro.
Speed the wheel and speed the loom,
Guide the needle and the broom,
Make my bread rise sweet and light,
Make my cheese come foamy white;
Yellow may my butter be
As cowslips blowing on the lea.
Homely though my tasks and small,
Be beside me at them all.
Then when I shall stand to face
Jesu in the judgment place,
To me thy gracious help afford,
Who art the Handmaid of the Lord.

SWALLOW SONG

When we were young we chose the way we'd be:
  You on the swallow's path across the world,
Cities and hills and men, the Pope on his throne to see,
  I'd have a house in a glen where a brown brook purled.

Now in the eventide you sit at a hearth of your own;
  Gold are the heads of your lads in the glancing light,
Far enough is your thought from the Pope on his golden
      throne;
  And I with the road before me, and the night.

1880-1916

Tom Kettle, as he was always called, was born in Ireland and educated at University College, Dublin. He was admitted to the bar in 1905 and in 1906 he was elected to Parliament as a Nationalist. Soon after the outbreak of war he was given a commission and fell in action in 1916. Young as he was he had won for himself a great reputation as an orator, and a still greater reputation as a wit. One of his friends said of him that to sit with Tom Kettle in a Dublin pub was a liberal education.

TO MY DAUGHTER BETTY, THE GIFT OF GOD

In wiser days, my darling rosebud, blown
To beauty proud as was your mother's prime,
In that desired, delayed, incredible time,
You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own,
And the dear heart that was your baby throne,
To dice with death. And, oh! they'll give you rhyme
And reason: some will call the thing sublime,
And some decry it in a knowing tone.

So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
And tired men sigh with mud for couch and floor,
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,—
But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

1888-

Mrs. Kilmer was born at Norfolk, Virginia. In 1908 she married Joyce Kilmer. She has published three volumes of verse, *Candles that Burn, Vigils* and *The Poor King's Daughter*. These all reveal a lyrical gift of a very high order. Many of her poems are about her children and combine, in a very charming way, whimsy with irony. But her greatest strength lies in her power of sudden personal poignancy and in a sincerity which is at times startling in its directness.

I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID

I shall not be afraid any more,
  Either by night or day;
What would it profit me to be afraid
  With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
  All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making windows fast
  When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart;
  There is no room for fear.
But how I wish I were afraid again,
  My dear, my dear!

IF I HAD LOVED YOU MORE

If I had loved you more God would have had pity;
  He would never have left me here in this desolate place.
Left me to go on my knees to the door of Heaven
  Crying in vain for a little sight of your face.

How could I know that the earth would be dark without
you?
For you were always the lover and I the friend.
Now if there were any hope that I might find you
I would go seeking you to the world's end.

"God is a jealous God. You have loved too wildly,
You have loved too well!" one said.
I bowed my head, but my heart in scorn was crying
That you whom I had not loved enough are dead.

I look on my heart and see it is hard and narrow,
That my loves are slight and last but a little space.
But why do I go on my knees to the door of Heaven
Crying for only a little sight of your face?

OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT

Sometime it may be pleasing to remember
The curls about your brow,
To talk about your eyes, your smile, your dearness,
But it is anguish now.

Often I feel that I must speak and tell them
Of all your golden ways,
How all the words you ever spoke were happy,
Joy-filled your laughing days.

But though I miss you every empty moment
Of all my longing years,
How can I speak about your thrilling beauty
When all my thoughts are tears?

Sometime it may be pleasing to remember
The curls about your brow,
The way you turned your head, your hands, your laughter,
But, oh, not now, not now!

FAVETE LINGUIS

Speak not the word that turns the flower to ashes,
Praise not the beauty passing as you gaze.
Let your eyes drink of loveliness in silence:
It will but wither even as you praise.

See there the plum tree heavy with its blossom
Swings like the full moon, glimmering and round:
You lift your lute to celebrate its beauty
And all its petals flutter to the ground.

TO APHRODITE: WITH A MIRROR

Here, Cyprian, is my jewelled looking-glass,
My final gift to bind my final vow:
I cannot see myself as I once was;
I would not see myself as I am now.

Joyce Kilmer

1886-1918

Joyce Kilmer was born at New Brunswick, N. J. He was educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University. In 1913 he was received into the Church. While still a young man Kilmer was very widely known for his journalistic work upon the New York *Times* and other papers; but his journal-

ism, though of a high order, was so immense in quantity that his purely literary work suffered.

Nevertheless, many of Kilmer's essays and poems reveal a man of letters. His best-known, but not his best, poem is "Trees"; it is not necessary to include it here. No writer has ever been so enshrined in the affections of Catholic America.

THE ROBE OF CHRIST

At the foot of the Cross on Calvary
Three soldiers sat and diced,
And one of them was the Devil
And he won the Robe of Christ.

When the Devil comes in his proper form
To the chamber where I dwell,
I know him and make the Sign of the Cross
Which drives him back to Hell.

And when he comes like a friendly man
And puts his hand in mine,
The fervour in his voice is not
From love or joy or wine.

And when he comes like a woman,
With lovely, smiling eyes,
Black dreams float over his golden head
Like a swarm of carrion flies.

Now many a million tortured souls
In his red halls there be:
Why does he spend his subtle craft
In hunting after me?

Kings, queens and crested warriors
  Whose memory rings through time,
These are his prey, and what to him
  Is this poor man of rhyme,

That he, with such laborious skill,
  Should change from rôle to rôle,
Should daily act so many a part
  To get my little soul?

Oh, he can be the forest,
  And he can be the sun,
Or a buttercup, or an hour of rest
  When the weary day is done.

I saw him through a thousand veils,
  And has not this sufficed?
Now, must I look on the Devil robed
  In the radiant Robe of Christ?

He comes, and his face is sad and mild,
  With thorns his head is crowned;
There are great bleeding wounds in his feet,
  And in each hand a wound.

How can I tell, who am a fool,
  If this be Christ or no?
Those bleeding hands outstretched to me!
  Those eyes that love me so!

I see the Robe—I look—I hope—
  I fear—but there is one
Who will direct my troubled mind;
  Christ's Mother knows her Son.

O Mother of Good Counsel, lend
  Intelligence to me!
Encompass me with wisdom,
  Thou Tower of Ivory!

"This is the Man of Lies," she says,
  "Disguised with fearful art:
He has the wounded hands and feet,
  But not the wounded heart."

Beside the Cross on Calvary
  She watched them as they diced.
She saw the Devil join the game
  And win the Robe of Christ.

TO A YOUNG POET WHO KILLED HIMSELF

When you had played with life a space
  And made it drink and lust and sing,
You flung it back into God's face
  And thought you did a noble thing.
"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
  "And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grassy bed
  With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
  Although they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet,
  Although their roots are in your eyes.
But hark to what the earthworms say
  Who share with you your muddy haven:
"The fight is on—you ran away.
  You are a coward and a craven.

"The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.
Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

"Yes, God forgives and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?"

AS WINDS THAT BLOW AGAINST A STAR

Now by what whim of wanton chance
Do radiant eyes know sombre days?
And feet that shod in light should dance
Walk weary and laborious ways?

But rays from Heaven, white and whole,
May penetrate the gloom of earth;
And tears but nourish, in your soul,
The glory of celestial mirth.

The darts of toil and sorrow, sent
Against your peaceful beauty, are
As foolish and as impotent
As winds that blow against a star.

A BLUE VALENTINE

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentinus,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect
And I kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,
Nor that of your shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me now to address you.
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state,
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.

It is like the light coming through blue stained glass,
Yet not quite like it,
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton, infantile, wise

And noble.
She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue—
I think that her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I would love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favour:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you, say to her:
"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

1840-1920

A very large part of Mrs. King's poetry is concerned with the struggle of Italy for independence, the leaders in which movement she canonized without hesitation. Yet, despite her rich Italian backgrounds, she did not leave England till 1876, and she worked from guide-books, as did Zola in his famous book on the Rome which he had not seen.

Mingled in all Mrs. King's politics was a strong infusion of mysticism. Her claim to the mystic's experience is amply sustained by the poem by which she is represented in this volume.

THE BRIDE RELUCTANT

"Leave the romance before the end;
Leave the late roses to their fall;
Dismiss the nurselings thou dost tend;
I hear another, closer call.
'Tis I, thy Guardian, give thee word,
Thy Bridegroom seeketh thee, O sweet!
Thy Bridegroom comes,—His step I heard—
Within thy chamber thee to meet."

"Another day, another time!
'Tis pleasant in the outer room;
I love the airy summer clime,
And not the inner chamber's gloom.
And this year's roses will not come
Again; but betwixt us the bond
Is fixed, and fast, and wearisome;
For one is fickle, one is fond."

"Come to thy chamber, for He stands
Tearful, and seeking only thee;
With ravished eyes and outstretched hands,
And He commands resistlessly.
Come to thy chamber, though it be
Narrow, and dark, and full of pain;
He paid a heavy price for thee,
And can He let thee go again?"

"My Bridegroom's bed is cold and hard,
My Bridegroom's kiss is ice and fire,
My Bridegroom's clasp is iron-barred,
I am consumed in His desire:
My Bridegroom's touch is as a sword
That pierces every nerve and limb;
'Depart from me,' I moan, 'O Lord!'
All the night long I spend with Him."

"Oh! heart of woman holdeth not
The passion of His love for thee;
He sees thee perfect, without spot,
Crowned with celestial jewelry.
The doors of Heaven could not hold
His feet from hasting to thy side;
The ardours of the Suns are cold
To His for thee, His hard-won bride."

"Rather am I His bondmaiden,
Compelled by law and not by love.
Oh, would I were enfranchised; then
With wings of silver, like a dove—
Then would I flee, past heaven's far bound,
The unendurable embrace;
Then would I hide in earth's profound
From the strange terror of His Face!"

"Enter, to keep thy Bridegroom's tryst!
Liking or loth I thee have led:
He is thine own, albeit He wist
That thy half-hearted love was dead.
What though His Bride with Him must share
A couch of thorns without repose?
Thousands this moment death would dare
To know one word of all she knows."

"I pine, on haunted hills to muse,
To face the open sunrise skies;
I pine for friends that I might choose;
I pine for little children's eyes;
For free and fearless limbs—to move,
Breasting the wave, breasting the breeze:
But jealous love is cruel love,
And He denies me all of these."

"Child, take thy roses, take thy toys,
Take back thy life and liberty;
Thy days shall flow in simple joys,
And undisturbed thy nights shall be.
Thy Bridegroom does thee no more wrong,
Poor child, the victim of His Heart:
Look but on Him once more,—one long
Last look, and then from Him depart."

"Farewell—one look. But, oh! this lone
Bare desert, where I might be free!
Thy Face I see—Thy Face, my own,
And nought in heaven or earth but Thee!
But, O my Lord, my Life, my Love,
Thou knowest all my weakness best;
Take back into the ark Thy dove,
And comfort me upon Thy breast!"

1888-

Father Knox is the son of the Bishop of Manchester. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he had an exceedingly brilliant career. He was for a time the *enfant terrible* of the Church of England, but was received into the Catholic Church in 1917 and ordained a priest two years later. He taught, until his recent appointment as Catholic Chaplain at Oxford, at St. Edmund's College. He is the author—among other things —of *A Spiritual Æneid* and *Memories of the Future.* In similar vein to the satire included here is *Reunion All Round* which, like *Absolute and Abitofhell,* was published while Father Knox was still an Anglican. This is in the form of a sermon advocating the inclusion within the communion of Canterbury of all Mahometans, Jews, Buddhists, Brahmins, Papists and Atheists. In it the turn of Swift's style, as in *Absolute and Abitofhell* Dryden's style, is exactly caught.

ABSOLUTE AND ABITOFHELL

Being a Satire in the Manner of Mr. John Dryden upon a newly-issu'd Work entitl'd *Foundations.*

In former Times, when Israel's ancient Creed
Took Root so widely that it ran to Seed;
When Saints were more accounted of than Soap,
And Men in happy Blindness serv'd the Pope;
Uxorious Jeroboam, waxen bold,
Tore the Ten Tribes from David's falt'ring Hold,
And, spurning Threats from Salem's Vatican,
Set gaiter'd Calves in Bethel and in Dan.
So, Freedom reign'd; so, Priests, dismay'd by naught,
Thought what they pleas'd, and mention'd what they thought.

Three hundred Years, and still the Land was free'd,
And Bishops still, and Judges disagree'd,
Till men began for some Account to call,
What we believ'd, or why believ'd at all?
The thing was canvass'd, and it seem'd past doubt
Much we adher'd to we could do without;
First, ADAM fell; then NOAH's Ark was drown'd,
And SAMSON under close inspection bound;
For DANIEL'S Blood the Critick Lions roar'd,
And trembling Hands threw JONAH overboard.
Lux Mundi came, and here we found indeed
A Maximum and Minimum of Creed:
But still the Criticks, bent on MATTHEW'S Fall,
And setting PETER by the Ears with PAUL,
Brought unaccustom'd Doctrines oversea
Suggesting rather, *Caeli Tenebrae*.
So, while our Ark let in, through Seams ill-join'd
And gaping Timbers, *Bilge* of ev'ry Kind,
Ran to and fro, and like a Drunkard shook,
Seven of the Younger Men compos'd a *Book*.
Seven Men, in Views and Learning near ally'd,
Whom *Forms* alone and *Dogmas* did divide,
Their Differences sunk, in Conclave met,
And each his Seal (with Reservations) set:
Each in his Turn subscrib'd the fateful Scroll,
And stamp'd his *Nihil Constat* on the whole.
Sing, Heavenly MUSE, from high Olympus bowing,
Their Names, their Training, and their Weltanschauung,
Say, why did Magdala,[1] renown'd in Ships,
Withhold the Tribute of *his* dauntless Lips,
Who, setting out the Gospel Truths t'explain,
Thought all that was not German, not germane:

[1] The Reverend Mr. J. M. Thompson, Dean of Divinity at the College of St. Mary Magdalene in Oxford.

Whose queasy Stomach, while it tried in vain
Recorded Miracles to entertain,
Eschewing LUKE, JOHN, MATTHEW, and the rest,
Read MARK, but could not inwardly digest?
Why did Neapolis,[2] aloof like ASHER,
Withhold—the Name is in the Book of Jasher—
Where, 'mid the Thunders of a boisterous Quad,
He ponders on the Raison d'Être of God?
Not such the Arms, not such the vain Defence,
That rallied to thy Standard, Common Sense.
First, from the Public Schools—*Lernaean* Bog—
No paltry Bulwark, stood the Form of OG.[3]
A man so broad, to some he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind in Effigy:
Who, brisk in Term, a Whirlwind in the Long,
Did everything by turns, and nothing wrong,
Bill'd at each Lecture-hall from Thames to Tyne
As Thinker, Usher, Statesman, or Divine.
Born in the Purple, swift he chose the Light,
And Lambeth mark'd him for a Nazirite:
Discerning *Balliol* snatched him in his teens,
And mourn'd him, early forfeited to *Queen's*.
His name suffic'd to leave th' insidious tome
A household word in every English Home:
No academick Treatise, high and dry,
Canvass'd in Walks round Mesopotamy,
Or where in Common Room, when days are short,
Soulless Professors gulp disgusted Port.
"Not from the few, the learned, and the pale"
—So ran his message—"we expect our Sale;

[2] The Reverend Dr. Hastings Rashdall, S.T.D., Fellow of the College of St. Mary of Winton, in Oxford.

[3] The Reverend Mr. William Temple, sometime Head Master of Repton School; since Incumbent of the Church of St. James, Piccadilly, in Westminster.

Man in the Street, our Publication con—
What matter, if the Street be Ashkelon?"
In Weight not less, but more advanc'd in Height,
Gigantic ELIPHAZ [4] next hove in Sight:
Who 'mid the Prophets' Sons his Trade did ply
In teaching Wells to bless and magnify.
The Pomegranate upon his Helm display'd
His prebendarial Dignity betray'd:
Magdalen to *Univ.* gave him, and from there
He rapidly achiev'd a wider sphere;
Gray Hairs alone he wanted, but for that
Ripe for the Apron and the shovel Hat.
Those other Six, in punier arms array'd,
Crouch'd in his Shadow, and were not afraid.
Yet something marr'd that order'd Symmetry:
Say, what did STRATO [5] in their company?
Who, like a Leaven, gave his Tone to all,
'Mid prophet Bands an unsuspected Saul.
For he, discerning with nice arguings
'Twixt non-essential and essential Things,
Himself believing, could no reason see
Why any other should believe, but he.
(Himself believing, as believing went
In that wild Heyday of th'Establishment,
When, on his Throne at Lambeth, Solomon
Uneasy murmur'd, "Something must be done,"
When suave Politeness, temp'ring bigot Zeal,
Corrected, "I believe," to "One does feel.")
He wish'd the *Bilge* away, yet did not seek
To man the *Pumps,* or plug the treach'rous Leak:

[4] The Rev. R. G. Parsons, S.T.B., sometime Fellow of University College in Oxford; since Rector of Wells Seminary, in the County of Somerset.

[5] The Reverend Mr. B. H. Streeter, Fellow of Queen's College in Oxford, and Canon of Hereford.

Would let into our Ark the veriest Crow,
That had the measliest Olive-branch to show.
Who has not known how pleasant 'tis to sigh,
"Others, thank God, are less correct than I"?
From such Conclusion (so men said) averse,
A Balaam, blessing what he dared not curse,
A Scaeva, raising Powers he could not quell,
Dragging their Coat-tails, followed ABDIEL.[6]
In Height magnificent, in Depth profound,
Bless'd with more Sense than some, than all more sound,
Gifted as if with Tongues, were there but wit
Among his Audience to interpret it:
Still, like a clumsy Falconer, he'd untie
Tradition's Hood from Reason's piercing Eye,
And then complain, because she soar'd too high.
So labour'd he, in Devorguilla's Pile,
Jowett's and Manning's views to reconcile:
Beneath his Rule (I quote from Dryden's Rhyme)
"The Sons of Belial had a glorious Time,"
And, when he shook his Fist and talk'd of Eve,
Like Devils trembled, but did not believe.
With sunnier Faith, with more unclouded Brow,
Brilliant ARCTURUS[7] did the Fates endow:
Who cried, as joyfully he bound his Sheaves,
"What I believe is what the Church believes":
Yet some might find it matter for Research,
Whether the Church taught him, or he the Church.
Corpus had trained him Reason's Truth to doubt,
And Keble added Faith, to do without.
What matter, whether two and two be four,
So long as none account them to be more?

[6] The Reverend Mr. N. E. Talbot, Fellow of Balliol College in Oxford.

[7] The Reverend Mr. A. E. J. Rawlinson, Student of Christ Church in Oxford.

What difference, whether black be black or white,
If no officious Hand turn on the Light?
Whether our Fact be Fact, no Man can know,
But, Heav'n preserve us, we will treat it so.
Yet, lest some envious Critick might complain
The BIBLE had been jettisoned as vain,
Pellucid JABBOK [8] show'd us, how much more
The Bible meant to us than e'er before.
Twelve *Prophets* our unlearn'd forefathers knew,
We are scarce satisfy'd with twenty-two:
A single *Psalmist* was enough for them,
Our List of Authors rivals A. & M.:
They were content MARK, MATTHEW, LUKE & JOHN
Should bless th' old-fashion'd Beds they lay upon:
But we, for ev'ry one of theirs, have two,
And trust the Watchfulness of blessed Q.
The last, EPIGONUS,[9] but not the least,
Levite by Birth, yet not by Calling Priest,
Woo'd coy Philosophy, reluctant Maid,
To bring her troubl'd Sister timely aid.
His Views on Punishment what need to tell?
Poor, proctor'd Victims lately knew them well.
His pregnant Logick fill'd their only Want,
Temp'ring EZEKIEL with a Dash of KANT.
Hail, dauntless Mariners, that far outstrip
Previous Attempts to undergird the Ship!
To you this Rhyme, now falt'ring to its End,
Is dedicated by an humble Friend,
Praying that Providence this Wind may use
To puff your Sales, and to confound your Views.

[8] The Reverend Mr. Richard Brook, Fellow of Merton College in Oxford.

[9] W. Moberley, Esquire, Fellow of Lincoln College in Oxford.

Miss Kolars was born in Minnesota and attended the state university, taking post-graduate work at Columbia and Bryn Mawr. She is now teaching at New York.

IF THIS OLD PLACE

If this old place had held no grief before,
No wild, unchildish woe wept out alone,
Where dirt turns into sand here by the shore
And bushes droop above the marking-stone;
If memory were not made of things untender,
Could memory call the heart out of my breast?
O sorrow of a child, O dark befriender
By whom my lost comes back, my repossessed!

My far-off golden laughter has no reaping,
My far-off joy had not held these in keeping,—
The rock, the road beside the sandy shore;
But grief, once sown, can split the granite portal:
Youth's moment, incorruptible, immortal,
Is rendered back to me forevermore.

George Parsons Lathrop

1851-1898

Lathrop was born at Honolulu. He was educated at New York and Dresden. In 1871 he married Rose, the second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. They left Unitarianism for the Faith in 1891. From 1875 to 1877 he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and then until 1879 of the Boston *Courier.* His poems were published in 1875 and in the following year his study of Hawthorne. But Lathrop was best known in his generation as a novelist.

REMEMBRANCE

Under the apple bough,
  Love, in a dream of leaves,
Dreamed we of love, as now,—
  All that gives beauty or grieves.

Over the sad world then
  Curved like the sky that bough;
I was in heaven then,—
  You are in heaven now.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

1851-1926

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. She married George Parsons Lathrop and after his death became a nun. As Mother Mary Alphonsa she was superior of the Dominican community in charge of the cancer hospital at Hawthorne, N. Y. which she had founded and where—painlessly and in sleep—she died.

A SONG BEFORE GRIEF

Sorrow, my friend,
When will you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery motions wearily down the plain.
The bird is dead
That sang this morning through the summer rain!

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you.
And if my life with any glory end

Of tenderness for others, and the words are true,
Say, honoring when I'm dead,—
Sorrow, to you, the mellow praise, the funeral wreath are due.

And yet, my friend,
When love and joy are strong,
Your terrible visage from my sight I rend
With glances to blue heaven. Hovering along,
By mine your shadow led,
"Away!" I shriek, "nor dare to work my new-sprung mercies wrong!"

Still, you are near:
Who can your care withstand?
When deep eternity shall look most clear,
Sending bright waves to kiss the trembling land,
My joy shall disappear,—
A flaming torch thrown to the golden sea by your pale hand.

Francis Ledwidge

1891-1917

Ledwidge was born in Meath in Ireland of humble parents and lived a roving and vagabondish life until his genius was discovered by Lord Dunsany, who introduced him to the literary world. His career, however, was brief, for he enlisted in the army and was killed in action on the Flanders front. Ledwidge had a natural lyric gift and an artless simplicity which might have enabled him, had he lived, to do very great things.

THE LOST ONES

Somewhere is music from the linnets' bills,
And thro' the sunny flowers the bee-wings drone,
And white bells of convolvulus on hills
Of quiet May make silent ringing, blown
Hither and hither by the wind of showers,
And somewhere all the wandering birds have flown;
And the brown breath of Autumn chills the flowers.

But where are all the loves of long ago?
Oh, little twilight ship blown up the tide,
Where are the faces laughing in the glow
Of morning years, the lost ones scattered wide?
Give me your hand, O brother, let us go
Crying about the dark for those who died.

IN SEPTEMBER

Still are the meadowlands, and still
Ripens the upland corn,
And over the brown gradual hill
The morn has dipped a horn.

The voices of the dear unknown
With silent hearts now call,
My rose of youth is overblown
And trembles to the fall.

My song forsakes me like the birds
That leave the rain and grey,
I hear the music of the words
My lute can never say.

1885-

Mr. Leslie is the eldest son of Sir J. Leslie and is a cousin to Winston Churchill. He was educated at Eton, the University of Paris and Cambridge. In 1908 he was received into the Church. He married the daughter of Mr. H. C. Ide, American ambassador to Spain. Among Mr. Leslie's books are a biography of Cardinal Manning, two volumes of poems, an anthology of Catholic Verse and several novels. He was from 1916 until recently the editor of the *Dublin Review*.

IRELAND, MOTHER OF PRIESTS

The fishwife sits by the side
Of her childing bed;
Her fire is deserted and sad,
Her beads are long said;
Her tears ebb and flow with the sea,
Her grief on the years,
But little she looks to the tide,
And little she hears:
For children in springtime play round
Her sorrowing heart,
To win them their feeding she loves
To hunger apart;
Her children in summer she counts
Awhile for her own;
But winter is ever the same,
The loved ones are flown.
Far over the sea they are gone,
Far out of her ken
They travel the farthest of seas
As fishers of men.
Yet never a word to her sons

To keep them at home,
And never a motherly cry
Goes over the foam;
She sits with her head in her hands,
Her eyes on the flame,
And thinks of the others that played,
Yet left her the same,
With vesture she wove on the loom
Four-coloured to be,
And lanterns she trimmed with her hair
To light them to sea.
Oh, far have the living ones gone,
And farther the dead,
For spirits come never to watch
The fisherwife's bed;
And sonless she sits at the hearth,
And peers in the flame,
She knows that their fishing must come
As ever it came—
A fishing that never set home,
But seaways it led,
For God who has taken her sons
Has buried her dead.

FLEET STREET

I never see the newsboys run
  Amid the whirling street,
  With swift untiring feet,
To cry the latest venture done,
But I expect one day to hear
  Them cry the crack of doom
  And risings from the tomb,

With great Archangel Michael near;
And see them running from the Fleet
As messengers of God,
With Heaven's tidings shod
About their brave unwearied feet.

Philip Francis Little

1866-

Mr. Little is a well-known, if rather an eccentric, figure of the Dublin literary world. His work, unfortunately, is seldom heard of outside of Ireland.

TO A DEAD INFANT

This morn it was she died, the little maid,
A babe of six months old, only six months
In this wide, weary world, and for some years
The name shall live upon a marble stone,
And when the name, with its befitting verse,
Outgrows the might of marble to retain't
'Twill vanish and be gone out of the world—
For ever. Ah! happy, happy soul returning
In the hour appointed all men to arise,
How know thine own small body when restored
By the great Architect? How wilt thou know?
So short a time, such a long severance—ha!
So little common 'twixt that soul and body!
How find your way back to reclaim that body?
What know you o' the world to recognise
One landmark on the road? Never read a book,
Nor learned the great names o' the world, the high

Tremendous titles of its Emperors,
The marching of their armies, launching forth
O' their fleets upon the Deep, the state intrigues,
The plots, the counterplots, th' ambitions foiled,
Pleasures indulged, the pastimes, pains, and labours.
Unknown and never learned—not even forgotten!
As primitive, as unsophistical
As maiden dead in howling Thrace long ago,
Child of some roving tribe, and suckled on
The wild mare's milk, or widening its round eyne
On uncouth herdsmen clothed in skins, who had blown
On pipes, in grassy places lone, unfenced—
Except by mountain ranges, where their sires
Had cried to countless flocks a thousand years,
Uninterrupted in vast Phrygia,
Whose offspring, apprehending nothing, went
Unsighing whither thou art gone, to where
An Everlasting Lamp shines constantly.
Earth to the earth—away! Sweet seraph—lo!—
As does the sea exceed the moisture one
May hold i' the hand's hollow, so your knowledge
To-night exceeds the lore of all the world.
(An infant dead knows more than all the world!)
And as, for purpose of repose, we must
Let down the weary arm to the side at last,
The moisture trickling to the ground, erstwhile
Reposing in the hollow hand, not so
Need you for evermore relax, but hold
Fast in your heart, which is the soul's right hand,
The lucid Vision of Eternity.
Dear soul, sweet saint, how do I reverence thee!
This morn it was, she died; in one short hour,
Just six months old, an infant. Lo! let the name
Straightway be graved upon a snow-white Tomb,

A blanchèd, carven image spreading wide
Its noon-white wings and clasping to its breast
One single gleaming ear of wheat—uptending
To heaven—shall be the Infant's Monument.

Thomas MacDonagh

1878-1916

MacDonagh was born at Cloughjordan, County Tipperary. He was educated by a religious order and entered a novitiate in his youth. He became a teacher and had a large share in the Gaelic revival. With Padraic Colum and James Stephens he started the *Irish Review,* which later he took over and edited, assisted by Joseph Plunkett. But his main work remained that of a teacher at St. Enda's School and at the National University, Dublin. In the rising of Easter Week, MacDonagh, who was one of the Revolutionary Executive Committee, had command of a corps. Like the other poets concerned in the rising, he was executed. He shared the spiritual passion and selfless idealism of his friends Pearse and Plunkett.

INSCRIPTION ON A RUIN

I stood beside the postern here,
  High up above the trampling sea,
In shadow, shrinking from the spear
  Of light, not daring hence to flee.

The moon beyond the western cliff
  Had passed, and let the shadow fall,
Across the water to the skiff
  That came on to the castle wall.

I heard below murmur of words
Not loud, the splash upon the strand,
And the long cry of darkling birds.
The ivory horn fell from my hand.

WISHES FOR MY SON

(Born on Saint Cecilia's Day, 1912)

Now, my son, is life for you,
And I wish you joy of it—
Joy of power in all you do,
Deeper passion, better wit
Than I had who had enough,
Quicker life and length thereof,
More of every gift but love.

Love I have beyond all men,
Love that now you share with me—
What have I to wish you then
But that you be good and free,
And that God to you may give
Grace in stronger days to live.

For I wish you more than I
Ever knew of glorious deed,
Though no rapture passed me by
That an eager heart could heed,
Though I followed heights and sought
Things the sequel never brought.

Wild and perilous holy things
Flaming with a martyr's blood,
And the joy that laughs and sings
Where a foe must be withstood,

Joy of headlong happy chance
Leading on the battle dance.

For I found no enemy,
No man in a world of wrong,
That Christ's word of charity
Did not render clean and strong—
Who was I to judge my kind,
Blindest groper of the blind?

God to you may give the sight
And the clear, undoubting strength
Wars to knit for single right,
Freedom's war to knit at length,
And to win through wrath and strife
To the sequel of my life.

But for you, so small and young,
Born on Saint Cecilia's Day,
I in more harmonious song
Now for nearer joys should pray—
Simpler joys: the natural growth
Of your childhood and your youth,
Courage, innocence and truth:

These for you, so small and young,
In your hand and heart and tongue.

Compton Mackenzie

1883-

Mr. Mackenzie was born at West Hartlepoole. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and has utilized his experiences at these institutions in

Sinister Street, the best known of his many successful novels. His first book was a volume of poems published in 1907. Compton Mackenzie is a convert to the Catholic Faith.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

Thy soul is not enchanted by the moon;
No influential comet draws thy mind
To steeps intolerable where all behind
Is dark, and many ruin'd stars are strewn.
But thou, contented, canst enthrall the tune
That haunts each wood and every singing wind;
Thou, fortunate philosopher, canst find
The dreams of Earth in every drowsy noon.

Match not thy soul against the seraphim:
They are no more than moths blown to and fro
About the tempest of the eternal Will.
Rest undismay'd in field and forest dim
And, childlike, on some morning thou shalt know
The certain faith of a March daffodil.

Seumas MacManus

1869-

Mr. MacManus was born in Donegal. In 1901 he married the poet Ethna Carbery who, however, died in the following year. He is the author of many novels and short stories of Irish life and of one book of poems, *Ballads of a Country Boy.* His permanent home is now at Piermont, N. Y.

LULLABY

Softly now the burn is rushing,
Every lark its song is hushing,

On the moor thick rest is falling,
Just one heather-blade is calling—
Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
For my darling, for my only,
Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O.*

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
Wee black lamb comes wearie, wearie,
Hear its soft feet pit-a-patting
Quickly o'er the flowery matting,
See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
Of its bed it's surely thinking,
Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O.

The hens to roost wee Nora's shooing,
Brindley in the byre is mooing,
The tired-out cricket's quit its calling,
Velvet sleep on all is falling,—
Lark and cow, and sheep and starling,—
Feel it kiss our white-haired darling,
Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O.

Sister M. Madeleva

Sister Madeleva is a young nun of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. She has done discerning critical work and has produced, in *The Pearl,* her thesis for her doctorate at the University of California, an excellent piece of scholarship. She is perhaps the most gifted of the many American nuns now writing, and great things may be confidently expected from her.

* Pronounced *lyan-a-wan*—white child.

PENELOPE

Penelope never has ravelled as I have ravelled;
She never has fashioned the fabrics that I have spun;
And neither her heart nor her lover has travelled as mine have travelled
Under the sun.

Her web of delay, deliberate, passionate, splendid,
Was tense with allurement, I doubt not; was wet with tears;
But love found it ravelled, unfinished—a burial robe—and ended
Those piteous years.

My fingers run wildly through warps of bewildering wonder,
Or dream over woof of caught silence or sudden song;
They tighten on patterns of laughter or fear that is stricken thunder!—
O Love, how long?

Is it naught that I pause in my web as yon suitor woos me,
That I ravel at night with regret the design of the day,
That loneliness sickens, grief dazes, and doubt pursues me
With You away?

With a lifetime of years do I lash myself to You and bind You,
Do I dare all the seas of the world without compass or star;

Past the lands of Calypso and Circe and Scylla I seek You
and find You,
Be it never so far!—

So I fare on the deific pathway my Love has travelled
As I fashion the web that Penelope could not have spun,
And ravel the heavenly robe of delay that she could
not have ravelled
Under the sun.

THE SWIMMER

Afraid? Of you, strong proxy lover, you, God's sea?
I give you my small self ecstatically,
To be caught, held, or buffeted; to rest
Heart to your heart, and breast to breathing breast;
To know on arms and cheeks, on brow and lips the bliss,
The stinging madness of one infinite kiss;
Daring your most exquisite, sweet alarms
In the safe compass of the everlasting arms.

IF YOU WOULD HOLD ME

It is so very strange that, loving me,
You should ensnare the freedom I find sweet,
Catch in your cunning will my flying feet.
I will not barter love for liberty;
You cannot break and tame me utterly,
For when your careful conquest is complete
Shall victory be swallowed in defeat.
You hold me only when you set me free.

Because my straight, wild ways are in your power
Do not believe that I surrender them.
Untrammeled love is all I have to give.
If you would keep it, do not pluck the flower;
Leave it, I beg, unbroken on its stem,
Wild with the wind and weather. Let it live!

PROUD BOAST

Inconstant Peter, what is this you dread,
This word a servant girl speaks scornfully,
"Surely thou wert with Him in Galilee"?
For shame! Where has your vaunted courage fled;
Where now is your quick sword, unscabbarded?
What boast, O Simon, could more glorious be;
"Thou art of Christ; thy speech betrayeth thee"?
Damsel, this word of yours has been well said.

I charge you, have the self-same thing to tell
Of me, when in the outer court of death
I wait the end, inexorable and grim;
Proclaim then to the councillors of hell,
"This man with Jesus was, of Nazareth;
Even his dying speech betrayeth him."

THE YOUNG PRIEST'S MOTHER

Yes, he is mine if miracles of weaving
Flesh from my flesh and blood into the fine
Potencies of white manhood, every line
Perfect past mute desire or proud believing
Can make him; if the mystery of achieving
Out of a human son this son divine
Owes aught to motherhood, then he is mine
Beyond my body's gift, my soul's conceiving.

And I am his beyond the extremest guesses
Of men, bound by indissoluble bands
Forever. It is not only he who blesses
And holds me close, but oh! he understands
Why adoration burns in my caresses,
What wounds I kiss upon his beautiful hands.

Francis Sylvester Mahony

("Father Prout")

1804-1866

Mahony, that "Irish Potato seasoned with Attic salt," was born at Cork, and was educated at the Jesuit College at Clongoweswood, afterwards studying at Amiens and Rome. He entered the Society of Jesus, and after ordination became Professor of Rhetoric at Clongoweswood, but before long left the order and retired into lay communion. Coming to London, he contributed largely to *Fraser's Magazine* over the signature of "Father Prout." He delighted his contemporaries with many amusing literary hoaxes, in which he announced the discovery of French or Latin or Greek originals for various modern poems, always producing the versions, written by himself. Tom Moore was one of his favorite victims. The nearest approach to his *Reliques* as a mixture of rollicking humor with profound scholarship is to be found in Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

While serving in Paris as foreign correspondent to a London newspaper he brought his erratic, convivial but innocent career to a close by dying piously in the bosom of the Church.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of the Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,

But there's an anthem more dear to me,
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

William Hurrell Mallock

1849-1923

Mr. Mallock was the author of many famous books, among them *The New Republic* and *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption,* where he gave an overwhelming demonstration of the lack of logic in the Protestant position. But he did not enter the Church until he was dying. His *Verses* may be taken as the recreation of a literary man. The best of the pieces in the volume are the brilliant parodies of Matthew Arnold and Swinburne and the poem that is now included in this anthology.

LINES

Homeless man goes, even on life's sunniest slope,
And yet between two homes he takes his way—
Between to-morrow—that's the home of Hope—
And Happiness, whose home is yesterday.

Yet, man, complain not. Thank your fates instead,
And call them good, before they bring you worse—
The days when Hope shall in her home lie dead,
And Happiness forgotten fade in hers.

1803-1849

Mangan is one of the most striking and pathetic figures in literature. Gifted with volcanic genius and a profound, if erratic scholarship, he wasted a large part of both by his intemperate habit of life. As John Mitchel said of him: "There were two Mangans; one well known to the Muses, the other to the police; one soared through the empyrean and sought the stars—the other lay too often in gutters of Peter Street and Bride Street. Yet . . . he had no malignity, sought no revenge, never wrought sorrow and suffering to any human being but himself. He was never of the 'Satanic School,' never devoted mankind to the infernal gods, nor cursed the sun; but the cry of his spirit was ever, Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come!" His poem "The Nameless One," is his autobiography. In temperament, as in the quality of his verse, he bears a strong likeness to Poe, who, indeed, probably learned something from him. He had a passion for exotic themes, and many of his finest poems are pseudo-translations from Oriental languages. Yet they are rarely mere exercises in exoticism; for into all his verse he poured the tumult and the agony of his soul.

DARK ROSALEEN

O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
  Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
  On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
  I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
  To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
  Is wasted for you, Love!
The heart in my bosom faints
  To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
  Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
  Like to a mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,

And gun-peal and slogan-cry
  Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you shall fade, ere you can die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

SIBERIA

In Siberia's wastes
  The Ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothèd steel;
Lost Siberia doth reveal
  Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.
  No Summer shines.
Night is interblent with Day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
  The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
  No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain,
  Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
  When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,
When man lives, and doth not live,
  Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
  Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft
  And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
  Is one with those;
They are part, and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
  And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
  None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, that heweth nigh
  With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees,
  Till, hunger-gnawn,
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there,
Yet scarce more than a corpse than ere
  His last breath was drawn.

GONE IN THE WIND

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the
  blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of Man hath achieved and designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Pity thou, reader! the madness of poor humankind,
Raving of knowledge,—and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of glory, like me,—for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of song) are but scattered, and—strewn in the wind.

THE NAMELESS ONE

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, Who mated
His soul with song.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

And tell how, now, amid wreck and sorrow,
  And want and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
  That no ray lights.

And lives he still then? Yes! Old and hoary
  At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives enduring what future story
  Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
  Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He too had tears for all souls in trouble,
  Here and in hell.

C. C. Martindale

1879-

Father Martindale is the son of Sir A. H. T. Martindale. Soon after leaving Harrow he became a Catholic and later joined the Society of Jesus. Among the numerous books of this very brilliant writer are lives of Robert Hugh Benson and Bernard Vaughan, and the stories published under the titles of *The Waters of Twilight* and *The Goddess of Ghosts*. Father Martindale is at present stationed at Campion Hall, Oxford.

SANCTA DEI GENETRIX

How shall I speak? Angels forsake their hymn
  And heaven's awed seas of adoration lie
  Hush'd, and the waves of thundered Sanctus die.
How shall I speak, from earth's remoter rim?
How should I look, when the strong Seraphim

Veil with wide wings from eyes of ecstasy
The glory of God's greatest mystery—
Why should I look—I of earth-vision dim?

Ah, Bethlehem, I needs must come to thee;
Needs must I tread thy rock and feel thy cold,
And follow sense across thought's infinite night;
And kiss the hem of God's humility,
Touch the tired hands that God's frail flesh enfold:
To speak those Names, to rest me in that sight.

Theodore Maynard

1890-

Theodore Maynard was born at Madras, India, where his parents were missionaries. In 1913 he was received into the Catholic Church. In 1915 his first book of poems appeared, and in the same year he began to write for the *New Witness*, under the Chestertons, and for other London papers. In 1920 he came to America for a lecture tour, and remained to teach in a college in California. Since 1925 he has lived in New York, where he is giving courses in English Literature at several Catholic colleges.

EXILE

Here where the season swiftly turns
Its great wheel forward while there burns
Red in the redwood trees;
And while the eucalyptus climbs
Above the palm trees and the limes
By Californian seas,

I think of England—and there wakes
Pain like wild roses in her brakes,
A pain as dear as they,
That digs its roots in English earth,
And brings an English flower to birth
Six thousand miles away.

The Downs are standing hugely drawn
Magnificent against the dawn,
Deep black against the sky.
The first cock crows; the light leaps higher;
The Channel is a flood of fire
And crimson suddenly.

And London, moving in her bed,
Hears on the eaves above her head
The earlier sparrows stir.
A thin mist rises and the dew
Is thick on Hampstead and at Kew—
The dawn has greeted her.

I ache in memory, yet I know
That if I ever homeward go
I shall not ever find
In England's gentle tenderness
The rest I seek for which can bless
My tired, unquiet mind.

For though I wander through all lands,
Seeking a house not built with hands
For my eternal home,
No city in this world of men
Can claim me as a citizen
From Babylon to Rome.

Not even London, where I burned
With bliss because in her I learned
  My faith, my love, my art;
Not even London, where I trod
Through crowded streets alone with God,
  And anguish in my heart;

Not even London, though she stands
To me with priestly praying hands
  In every dome and spire,
Can be the city of my quest,
Of infinite and final rest,
  The end of all desire.

But London, London has become
A heavenly symbol and the sum
  Of all the world can give.
And English air that was my breath
Remains my mortal life, till death
  Shall set me free to live.

The apple tree's an apple still
Here or upon an English hill;
  The moon among the boughs
Is the same moon, although it went
O'er ghostly orchards far in Kent
  When noon shone on my house.

But ah, some change had come to it
Beyond my exegetic wit:
  I know not what it was;
Not as the sailor on the spars
Among the Australasian stars
  Beholds the Southern Cross—

This map of heaven I know by rote.
But something struggles at my throat,
And stirs my secret blood,
While a vague light, unearthly, strange,
Glows through the lineaments of change
O'er field and hill and wood.

The Roman poplars in their lines
Like Roman soldiers, Roman vines—
These I had known of old;
And here in evidence the plain
And iron intellect of Spain,
Her fury hot and cold.

But these are exiles, too, whose need
Has clung and stiffened round the Creed
Which made them clear and strong.
Though far from Europe, here they keep
Her name remembered in their sleep,
And in their classic song.

The apple tree remembers how
Her blossoms burgeoned on the bough
By little English streams;
And how the cider-drinking men
Were mighty with the sword and pen,
And mightiest in their dreams.

The poplar and the olive know
How like an arrow from a bow
The Roman road was shot;
How Roman law and Roman Pope
Brought order and outrageous hope
To those who had them not.

And these blunt arches, innocent
Of Gothic's mystical intent—
  Enormous, squat, secure—
Remember how in fierce disdain
The broken chivalry of Spain
  Broke at the last the Moor.

Aware that power, the most august,
Is journeying only to the dust,
  Their eyes though brave are sad:
Aware that all is vanity,
Their eyes look upward where they see
  The sight that makes them glad:

That city which, in more than pride,
Their kings and architects have tried
  To build and nobly failed;
A city which should correspond
To that bright city seen beyond
  The point where sunlight paled;

The dream that lures and still eludes
The genius of men's highest moods,
  But draws them on and on—
Though Time destroys their stoutest walls
And though their tallest turret falls
  To dark oblivion.

The giant masonry shall pass,
The palaces be mounds of grass—
  And yet not all in vain
That energy of brain and bone,
Though no stone on another stone
  Shall ever stand again.

I well may join the cry with them,
"If I forget Jerusalem . . ."
  I who shall not forget
My holy city, made more fair
By distance and the alien air
  Wherein my life is set.

If London come to empty loss,
And jackals wail at Charing Cross;
  And if at Westminster
The lizards crawl about each niche,
And she be poor who once was rich—
  I shall remember her.

For I divine with what in mind
The Abbey windows were designed,
  Her pavements were laid down;
And how her streets were meant to go
Beyond the steeple bells of Bow
  To the celestial Town.

And so beside the Golden Gate
A gate of purer gold I wait,
  A more resplendent wall
Than London's—daring now to lift
My voice to praise God's bitter gift,
  Exile, the best of all.

TIDES

Some tell us bitterly that true love dies—
And speak too quickly, waiting not the rise
Of strong returning tides to greet their eyes.

For love, though deep and fickle, like the sea
Obeys the uncomprehended moon. And we
Observe its ebb and flow bewilderedly.

Its tidal waters are without a chart;
Their altering rhythm is beyond our art;
Each tide's a vast astonishment of heart.

But love shall yet unfluctuating be:
No moons will kindle in eternity
To draw the tides of the abolished sea.

THE DUEL

Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me.
—DONNE.

May God be praised! I have an equal skill
To that which nerves your thin and supple wrist;
And while our striving bodies lunge and twist
And parry the naked blades flashed out to kill
I worship you with insults. For my will
Is like your own, O dear antagonist,
And in it strive the saint and sensualist,
Exquisite enemies who are never still.

I have no wish to die upon your sword;
Nor any wish to see you die on mine.
I charge you have a care, for I decline
An easy safety. Hated and adored,
This is a duel to the death, and when
We part as friends we meet as foes again.

1870-

Mr. McCarthy was born at Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, Ireland. He came to America early in life and took up journalism. He is now an editorial writer on the Boston *Herald*. Mr. McCarthy is well known as a Chautauqua lecturer and as a maker of Irish ballads and of patriotic American poems.

AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feather folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,

When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Denis Florence McCarthy

1817-1882

McCarthy was born at Dublin and educated at Maynooth, being destined for the Church. But his natural bent was for literature, and after a period of study for the bar, he began to write political verse for the *Nation*. His tastes, however, fortunately remained literary rather than political; accordingly he gave himself to the production of elaborate and often beautiful poetry and to the translation of Calderon. In these pursuits the remainder of his life was passed.

WAITING FOR THE MAY

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,

And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing or in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away:
Man is ever weary, weary
Waiting for the May.

LAMENT

The dream is over,
The vision has flown,
Dead leaves are lying
Where roses have blown;
Withered and strown
Are the hopes I cherished,—
All hath perished
But grief alone.

My heart was a garden
Where fresh leaves grew;
Flowers there were many,
And weeds a few;
Cold winds blew,
And the frosts came thither,
For flowers will wither,
And weeds renew!

Youth's bright palace
Is overthrown,
With its diamond sceptre
And golden throne;
As a time-worn stone
Its turrets are humbled,—
All hath crumbled
But grief alone!

Whither, oh! whither
Have fled away
The dreams and hopes
Of my early day?

Ruined and grey
Are the towers I builded;
And the beams that gilded—
Ah! where are they?

Once this world
Was fresh and bright
With its golden noon
And its starry night;
Glad and light
By mountain and river,
Have I blessed the Giver
With hushed delight.

Youth's illusions,
One by one,
Have passed like clouds
That the sun looked on.
While morning shone,
How purple their fringes!
How ashy their tinges
When that was gone!

As fire-flies fade
When the nights are damp—
As meteors are quenched
In a stagnant swamp—
Thus Charlemagne's camp,
Where the Paladins rally,
And the Diamond Valley,
And the Wonderful Lamp,

And all the wonders
Of Ganges and Nile,
And Haroun's rambles,
And Crusoe's isle,
And Princes who smile
On the Genii's daughters
'Neath the orient waters
Full many a mile,

And all that the pen
Of Fancy can write,
Must vanish in manhood's
Misty light—
Squire and knight,
And damosel's glances,
Sunny romances
So pure and bright!

These have vanished
And what remains?
Life's budding garlands
Have turned to chains—
Its beams and rains
Feed but docks and thistles,
And sorrow whistles
O'er desert plains.

The dream is over,
The vision has flown;
Dead leaves are lying
Where roses have blown;
Withered and strown
Are the hopes I cherished,—
All hath perished
But grief alone!

1825-1868

McGee was born at Carlingford, Ireland. He came to America in 1842 and attracted attention by his writing for the Boston *Pilot*. Later he returned to Ireland and was on the staffs of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Nation*. In the troubles of 1848 he acted as secretary of the Irish Confederation and was imprisoned for one of his speeches. He left Ireland again for America and founded a paper called the *Nation* in New York, but was condemned by Bishop Hughes on the ground of the violence of some of his ideas. After moving on to Boston and Buffalo—editing a paper in each city—and back to New York, he settled in Montreal, where he founded the *New Era* and was elected to the Canadian Parliament. At this point in his career he completely changed his political ideas and became a strong advocate of British Supremacy and a bitter foe of his former associates. This led to his assassination at Ottawa by a fanatic. It is largely through the energy of McGee that the establishment of the Dominion status of Canada was brought about.

HOME THOUGHTS

If Will had wings,
  How fast I'd flee
To the home of my heart
  O'er the seething sea!
If Wishes were power,
  If Words were spells,
I'd be this hour
  Where my own love dwells.

My own love dwells
  In the storied land,
Where the Holy Wells
  Sleep in yellow sand;

And the emerald lustre
Of Paradise beams,
Over homes that cluster
Round singing streams.

I, sighing, alas!
Exist alone;
My mouth is as grass
On an unsunned stone;
Bright to the eye,
But unfelt below,
As sunbeams that lie
Over Arctic snow.

She never was weary
Of blessing me,
When morn rose dreary
On thatch and tree;
She evermore chanted
Her song of Faith,
When darkness daunted
On hill and heath.

If Will had wings,
How fast I'd flee
To the home of my heart
O'er the seething sea!
If Wishes were power,
If Words were spells,
I'd be this hour
Where my own love dwells.

1850-1922

Alice Meynell was the younger of the two daughters of T. J. Thompson, one of Dickens's most intimate friends. Her sister became Lady Butler, the painter of military scenes. While still a girl Alice Thompson became a Catholic and was followed into the Church by the other members of her family.

The young poet took the literary world by storm. Browning, Ruskin, Meredith and Rossetti were a few of those who recognised a genius who from the start to finish of her career ever aimed at and achieved an exquisite distinction. It is impossible to discover either in her prose or her verse a line that is merely facile, and this though she wrote amid the distractions of domesticity and was the mother of eight children.

In 1877 Alice Thompson married Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who was destined to share with her the rescue of Francis Thompson from the London gutters. But she did more than rescue Thompson; she became his Muse, and so doubled our debt of gratitude.

CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumberable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed,
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities,
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul!
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The million forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

"I AM THE WAY"

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies,

I'll not reproach
The road that winds, my feet that err.
Access, approach
Art Thou, Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

VIA, ET VERITAS, ET VITA

"You never attained to Him." "If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be."
"Endless the way, followed with how much pain!"
"The way was He."

LENGTH OF DAYS

(To the early dead in battle)

There is no length of days
But yours, boys who were children once. Of old
The past beset you in your childish ways,
With sense of Time untold!

What have you then forgone?
A history? This you had. Or memories?
These, too, you had of your far-distant dawn.
No further dawn seems his,

The old man who shares with you,
But has no more, no more. Time's mystery
Did once for him the most that it can do:
He has had infancy.

And all his dreams, and all
His loves for mighty Nature, sweet and few,
Are but the dwindling past he can recall
Of what his childhood knew.

He counts not any more
His brief, his present years. But O he knows
How far apart the summers were of yore,
How far apart the snows.

Therefore be satisfied;
Long life is in your treasury ere you fall;
Yes, and first love, like Dante's. O a bride
For ever mystical.

Irrevocable good,—
You dead, and now about, so young, to die,—
Your childhood was; there Space, there Multitude,
There dwelt Antiquity.

A THRUSH BEFORE DAWN

A voice peals in this end of night
A phrase of notes resembling stars,
Single and spiritual notes of light.
What call they at my window-bars?
The South, the past, the day to be,
An ancient infelicity.

Darkling, deliberate, what sings
This wonderful one, alone, at peace?
What wilder things than song, what things
Sweeter than youth, clearer than Greece,
Dearer than Italy, untold
Delight, and freshness centuries old?

And first first-loves, a multitude,
The exaltation of their pain;
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
And midnights of invisible rain;

And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

What Middle Ages passionate,
O passionless voice! What distant bells
Lodged in the hills, what palace state
Illyrian! For it speaks, it tells,
Without desire, without dismay,
Some morrow and some yesterday.

All-natural things! But more—Whence came
This yet remoter mystery?
How do these starry notes proclaim
A graver still divinity?
This hope, this sanctity of fear?
O innocent throat! O human ear!

"RIVERS UNKNOWN TO SONG"

Wide waters in the waste; or, out of reach,
Rough Alpine falls where late a glacier hung;
Or rivers groping for the alien beach,
Through continents, unsung.

Nay, not these nameless, these remote, alone;
But all the streams from all the watersheds—
Peneus, Danube, Nile—are the unknown,
Young in their ancient beds.

Man has no tale for them. O travellers swift
From secrets to oblivion! Waters wild
That pass in act to bend a flower or lift
The bright limbs of a child!

For they are new, they are fresh; there's no surprise
  Like theirs on earth. O strange for evermore!
This moment's Tiber with his shining eyes
  Never saw Rome before.

Man has no word for their eternity—
  Rhine, Avon, Arno, younglings, youth uncrowned:
Ignorant, innocent, instantaneous, free,
  Unwelcomed, unrenowned.

THE ENGLISH METRES

The rooted liberty of flowers in breeze
  Is theirs, by national luck impulsive, terse,
Tethered, uncaptured, rules obeyed "at ease,"
  Time-strengthened laws of verse.

Or they are like our seasons that admit
  Inflexion, not infraction: Autumn hoar,
Winter more tender than our thoughts of it,
  But a year's steadfast four;

Redundant syllables of Summer rain,
  And displaced accents of authentic Spring;
Spondaic clouds above a gusty plain
  With dactyls on the wing.

Not Common Law, but Equity, is theirs—
  Our metres; play and agile foot askance,
And distant, beckoning, blithely rhyming pairs,
  Unknown to classic France;

Unknown to Italy. Ay, count, collate,
Latins! with eye foreseeing on the time,
And numbered fingers, and approaching fate
On the appropriate rhyme.

Nay, nobly our grave measures are decreed:
Heroic, Alexandrine with the stay,
Deliberate; or else like him whose speed
Did outrun Peter, urgent in the break of day.

Viola Meynell

Viola Meynell (Mrs. John Dalleyn) is the third daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. She has written a number of novels and a book of verse.

DUSTING

The dust comes secretly day after day,
Lies on my ledge and dulls my shining things.
But O this dust that I shall drive away
Is flowers and kings,
Is Solomon's temple, poets, Nineveh.

Wilfrid Meynell

1852-

Mr. Meynell and his wife, Alice Meynell, were the discoverers and patrons of Francis Thompson. He was received into the Church in 1870. He edited *The Weekly Register* from 1881 to 1899 and *Merry England* from 1883 to 1894. Among his books are biographies of Newman and Disraeli and two collections of verse.

THE FOLDED FLOCK

I saw the shepherd fold the sheep,
With all the little lambs that leap.

O Shepherd Lord, so I would be
Folded with all my family.

Or go they early, come they late,
Their mother and I must count them eight.

And how, for us, were any heaven
If we, sore-stricken, saw but seven?

Kind Shepherd, as of old Thou'lt run
And fold at need a straggling one.

George Henry Miles

1824-1871

Miles, after graduation from Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, took up the practice of law in Baltimore, his native city. But literature was his true bent, and he wrote several plays, by which he was established as among the best-known dramatists of his day. In 1859 he became professor of literature at Emmitsburg, where he lived till his death. His poems appeared in 1866, and a selection from his lyrics, with an introduction by the late Professor J. Churton Collins, in 1907.

Miles presents a problem to the anthologist. There are to be found in his work many exquisite images and striking lines, but a frequent carelessness and an occasional sentimentality conspire to spoil fine work. Professor Collins thought Miles' best poem to be "Said the Rose," and declared that no anthology of American

poetry would be complete without it. But the fancy in this piece is forced, and the poem is less free from characteristic faults than are those which have been chosen in its place.

THE BRIDE'S REPLY

(From "Christine")

Bring me no rose-wreath now:
But come when sunset's first tears fall,
When night-birds from the mountains call—
Then bind my brow.

Roses and lilies white—
But tarry till the glow-worms trail
Their gold-work o'er the spangled veil
Of falling night.

Twine not your garland fair
Till I have fallen fast asleep:
Then to my silent pillow creep
And leave it there—

There in the chapel yard,
Come with the twilight's earliest hush,
Just as the day's last purple flush
Forsakes the sward.

Tenderly to my side,—
The bridegroom's form you may not see
In the dim eve, but he will be
Fast by his bride—

Soft with your chaplet move,
And lightly lay it on my head:
Be sure you wake not with rude tread
My jealous love.

Kiss me, then quick away;
And leave us in unwatched repose,
There with the lily and the rose
Waiting for day.

FORTY TO-DAY

From poplar groves
Set where the mountain and the meadow meet,
Soar the sad Alps, dark verdure to the waist,
Then clouds and riven rock. O ancient feet,
At which doomed beauty crouches fast embraced,
Have ye your loves!

Forty to-day!
Through manhood's second Gate I pass and leave
Behind me—ashes . . . neither flower nor fruit
Of all the past . . . not e'en the grace to grieve
For being empty-handed! I were mute
But that this lay

Will force a way
Out of the frozen soil and visit Earth
To tell the listening glens and startled plain
How a chance sunbeam in its fiery mirth
Turned an old Glacier's heart to sudden rain
For very play:

Or, like the string
Athwart the window of a vacant home
Struck by the May wind, making music where
No footstep falls! My doom is still to roam
While Alps stand fast with Leman nestling near! . . .
O weary wing

Forever fold!
Upon the treetop build, or lower down
Among the wild flowers seek a surer nest;
Forbear the Ocean's foam, the Tempest's frown,
Be done with dreaming,—fold, and feebly rest
Among the old.

J. Corson Miller

1883-

Mr. Miller was born in Buffalo, N. Y., where he still lives. He is a graduate of Canisius College of that city. He has contributed largely to the magazines and is the author of *Veils of Samite*, a volume of verse published in 1921.

THE LAST HARPER

He stood in the blood-red wash of a towering sunset;
The great sun's fingers fondled his face and his hair;
He said: "They are gone—the hosts that were golden with glory,
The Harpers of Truagh that sang on the evening air.

"They have passed like the wind on the withering gorse of Glenmoiragh—
The rose-lipped women with eyes as blue as the dawn;

O where are the gay-hearted players—the fiddlers of Galway?
They have passed with the wavering Light of the Gael; they are gone.

"There's a shadow on the sun, my lad; we will kneel in the twilight;
I see the milk-white stallion fade in the west;
The warriors that swung long swords on the marches of Ulster,
Tonight, with Edward de Bruce, they take their rest.

"We are doomed to the dust—it is well—the Great Race passes,
Warrior and Harper and Poet—where the banshee cries;
I will cover my face with the snow and the hoar-frost of winter;
I will pray for the curtain of blindness to cover my eyes."

Then bent with the iron of years, as the dusk was falling,
He knelt, and he peered afar to the menacing west;
He said: "I am old, I see a Proud Race passing;
I will go home to sleep now—sleep is best."

SEPULCHRE

Here at last they'll lightly fall,
All the words men ever said:
After all, and after all,
Men and words together, dead.

Slow and surely as the tides
Ebb and flow, ebb and flow;
At the last each horseman rides
Where oblivion's blossoms blow.

Old and young, young and old,
For them shall final bells be rung;
Words of men that men called "gold,"
Shall be as the dust of dung.

After all, and after all,
Here at last they'll lightly fall:
All the words men ever said,
Words and men together, dead.

Evan Morgan

1893-

The Hon. Evan Morgan is the eldest son of Lord Tredegar. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. He was received into the Church in 1919. He is now studying for the priesthood at the Beda in Rome.

THE MONK'S CHANT

O that I might sink into that deep pool,
Ardent with desire of His burning rule:
In His chastening fire, O that I might sink!
O that I might fall through the severing clouds,
Into that deep pool through the sevenfold shrouds:
Ardent for His will, O that I might fall,
O that I might rest! as a sleeping child
Feebly in His hands, all my love up-piled!
O'er the arid sands O that I might rest!
O that I might weep, wounded to the heart,
Pain in every limb, tortured every part;
Wounded but by Him, O that I might weep!
O that I might lie in one precious scar,
Be but soothing balm where I once did mar:
In His holy palm O that I might lie.

Rosa Mulholland was born at Belfast. In 1891 she married Sir John Gilbert. She died at Blackrock, Dublin, in 1924. Most of her literary work is too facile, but she frequently showed a considerable force in her poetry as in her prose.

DREAD

The world's afire and none to save:
Wind howl and rain rave,
The world is all a wandering grave!

The earth is but a blackened stone
Whirling round a greater one,—
Frozen sun whose light is done!

All the jewels of the east,
Gold and silver of the west,
Buried are in ruin's breast.

Wheel of terror, dreadful ball
Black with death, containing all
Bodies built since Adam's fall!

Now are all the souls were born
To your years of night and morn
Gathered by an angel's horn.

Cardinal Newman

1801-1890

It is hardly necessary to argue that Newman, despite Mr. George Moore's ingenious demonstration to the contrary, was one of the greatest masters of English prose. But it may not

be inopportune to suggest that his verse is, generally speaking, not so well known as it deserves to be. Apart from the curious popularity of *The Dream of Gerontius*—curious both because a poem so severely intellectual, so bare of rhetorical adornment, should be popular, and because its subject, that of Purgatory, should appeal to a Protestant public—Newman is thought of as the author of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Yet this is by no means his finest poem. It possesses, like all of Newman's work, admirable structure, but it does not equal "The Elements" or the other pieces given here in grandeur of conception or that *splendor formæ* which St. Thomas Aquinas noted as the proof of the greatest art. And the mention of St. Thomas provokes one to say that nowhere outside of the *Pange Lingua* or the *Adoro Te* can be found so intense a concentration of exact theology informed by such magnificence of style as in the stanza:

> O generous love! that He who smote
> In man for man the foe,
> The double agony in man
> For man should undergo.

But the best of Newman's poems, in the opinion of the anthologist, is that on Limbo, "Rest." Those who insist upon the rhapsodical note may find little in it to admire; but those who will admit greatness to other varieties of poetry will, by studying this poem, perhaps come to see that hardly anything finer of its kind has ever been written.

JUDAISM

(A Tragic Chorus)

> O piteous race!
> Fearful to look upon;
> Once standing in high place,
> Heaven's eldest son.
> O agèd blind

Unvenerable! as thou flittest by,
I liken thee to him in pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend; *
Wronged at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honoured in his end.

O Abraham! sire,
Shamed in thy progeny;
Who to thy faith aspire,
Thy Hope deny.
Well wast thou given
From out the heathen an adopted heir
Raised strangely from the dead, when sin had slain
Thy former cherished care.
O holy men, ye first-wrought gems of heaven
Polluted in your kin,
Come to our fonts, your lustre to regain!
O Holiest Lord! . . . but Thou canst take no stain
Of blood, or taint of sin.

Twice in their day
Proffer of precious cost
Was made, Heaven's hand to stay
Ere all was lost.
The first prevailed;
Moses was outcast from the promised home,
For his own sin, yet taken at his prayer
To change his people's doom.
Close on their eve, one other asked and failed,

* *Vide* the "Œdipus Coloneus" of Sophocles.

When fervent Paul was fain
The accursèd tree, as Christ had borne, to bear,
No hopeful answer came,—a Price more rare
Already shed in vain.

✓ THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

Lead, kindly Light, through the encircling gloom;
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And in the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

REST

They are at rest:
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer addrest
In waywardness to those

Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
Shall never more grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds,
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT

(From *The Dream of Gerontius*)

Praise to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
  Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
  And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He who smote
  In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
  For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
  And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
  To suffer and to die.

Edward J. O'Brien

1890-

Mr. O'Brien was born at Boston. He was educated at Boston College and at Harvard. His yearly anthologies of the Best Short Stories have made him very well known. He is now living in Italy.

HER FAIRNESS, WEDDED TO A STAR

Her fairness, wedded to a star,
Is fairer than all lilies are,
And flowers within her eyes more white
Than moonlight on an April night.

Her wonder like a wind doth sing,
Wedded to the heart of spring.

And April, dawning in her eyes,
Reflects the wonder of the skies.

Her beauty lights the April day
With radiance of her chastity,
And innocence doth slumber now
Upon her candid April brow.

Frank O'Connor

1895?-

Mr. O'Connor lives at Cork, Ireland, where he is a librarian. He is well known as a Gaelic scholar.

ALONE IN THE BIG TOWN SHE DREAMS

In my attic all alone
Now my man, praise God, is gone,
And my son, the rascal, too,
And my face that would not keep,
And my eyes that would not sleep,
Dreaming things not worth a thought,
I have dreamed a thing that's true
And let fools get all they sought.

I have dreamed the truest thing;
I shall die as I have sworn
On the day that Christ was born;
All day long the rain will fall,
And the river overflow,
And the floods creep up the wall,
And the big ships come and go

And sail upon the solid land,
And I shall see and understand:
At eight that night I'll rise from bed
And wash myself from toe to head;
At nine I'll put the kettle down
And brew strong tea; at ten put on
My habit and pray out the hour,
And then I'll light and fix secure
Candles in four brass candlesticks
About my table-ends, and fix
Myself between them calm and tight,
And till the end comes sing delight.
I'll sing no more: the house will shake,
The rotten walls will reel and break,
The floods will rise and rise and rise
And lift me up, and like a queen
With my bright candles and shut eyes,
They'll take me beautiful and serene
Along the street, and every height
Will be playing music in the night,
And Shandon bells will ring out sweet
As I float down through Patrick Street,
And ships blow sirens as I ride
From Patrick Street to the main tide,
And the Lord Bishop on the hill
And all the anointed choirs will kneel
And sing as I go out to sea
Domine, adoremus te.

1884-

Father O'Donnell, at present the Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States, was born at Greenfield, Indiana. He graduated from Notre Dame University and has done post-graduate work at Harvard and the Catholic University of America. His delicate and scholarly poetry is the best that has been written by a priest since the death of Father Tabb.

FORGIVENESS

Now God be thanked that roads are long and wide,
And four far havens in the scattered sky:
It would be hard to meet and pass you by.

And God be praised there is an end of pride,
And pity only has a word to say,
While memory grows dim as time grows grey.

For, God His word, I gave my best to you,
All that I had, the finer and the sweet,
To make—a path for your unquiet feet.

Their track is on the life they trampled through;
Such evil steps to leave such hallowing.
Now God be with them in their wandering.

RESOLUTION

Love, You have struck me straight, my Lord!
Past innocence, past guilt,
I carry in my soul the sword
You buried to the hilt.

And though to eyes in terrible pain
Heaven and earth may reel,
For fear You may not strike again
I will not draw the steel.

AD MATREM, IN CAELIS

I can remember flowers at your hand,
Summer and autumn, spring,
Nor less when winter in our northern land
Forbade your bird to sing,—
Geraniums in the dining room
For you would bloom

Dear heart, in gardens of the ever fair
Sweet summer of the saints
I know you walk, unchanged, in a gentle air
Where the breath of roses faints,
And no eyes are happier than your eyes
In Paradise.

And if beside you walk two saints of God,
I know what saints they are,
Lover of birds and bees and bloom, who trod
Umbria, afar,
And the sweetest bud of time's last hour,—
The Little Flower.

OUT OF THE IDYLS

Goodbye, beloved, the days of our undoing,
Themselves undone, we face a finer morn
When we stand up with bitterness of rueing
Cursing the day that ever we were born.

That blackness shall be fairer than this sun,
Than all kind words that silence shall be dearer,
We shall not care what we shall come upon,
Knowing each hour the end of all is nearer.

They were two dreamers, tangled in a vision
That looked one way—but what shall crush the heart?
Not any force of time's unspent derision,
Christ and His love shall break those bonds apart.
The Queen's grave pilgrims held a holy spot,
And there are those who pray to Launcelot.

John Boyle O'Reilly

1844-1890

O'Reilly was born in Ireland and was for a time a soldier in the British Army. Entering into the Fenian movement, however, he was courtmartialed and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude in Australia. In 1869 he escaped, and succeeded in making his way to the United States. The rest of his life was spent at Boston. His biography was written by John Jeffrey Roche.

LOVE WAS TRUE TO ME

Love was true to me,
  True and tender;
I who ought to be
  Love's defender,
Let the cold winds blow
  Till they chilled him;
Let the winds and snow
Shroud him—and I know
  That I killed him.

Years he cried to me
To be kinder;
I was blind to see
And grew blinder.
Years with soft hands raised
Fondly reaching,
Wept and prayed and praised,
Still beseeching.

When he died I woke,
God! how lonely,
When the grey dawn broke
On one only.
Now beside Love's grave
I am kneeling;
All he sought and gave
I am feeling.

A WHITE ROSE

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

A SAVAGE

Dixon, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
  Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
  And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

"Return on Friday, to be shot to death!"
  So ran the sentence,—it was Monday night.
The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;
  Then all night long the gambling-dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
  And flocked the miners to the shooting-ground;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
  And with low voices sat and lounged around.

"He will not come." "He's not a fool." "The men
  Who set the savage free must face the blame."
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
  Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern, a woman at his heels,
  He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute flame the guns,—the woman reels
  And drops without a moan: Dixon is dead.

Shaemas O'Sheel

1886-

Mr. O'Sheel was born at New York and still lives there. After leaving Columbia University he established, in 1908, a

short-lived magazine called *Moods*. From 1910 to 1915 he wrote a good deal of verse, and published two volumes of poems, *The Blossomy Bough* and *The Light Feet of Goats*, but in recent years he has written very little—the fine reply to his friends that is included here ironically explains why.

HE WHOM A DREAM HATH POSSESSED

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of doubting,
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming:
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,
And going he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of sorrow,
At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns he smiles,
For a dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a morrow,
And a dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable
marches,
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a
laughing star,
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal
arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden
car.

THE LOVER BIDS ALL PASSIONATE WOMEN MOURN

Mourn with red lips, pale women who wander alone,
Having each a sorrow too great for another to share,
Dierdre, whose fate was saddest because you were most
fair,
Finavar, doomed for your pride to carry a heart of stone,
And all who are broken because of your loveliness,
Mourn with dishevelled hair, for you understand
The heart of a lover and know that its utter distress,
If love should fail, is more than the grief of a land
For its strong spear-bearing sons who have met defeat.
Mourn, for I tell you my Love who is passing sweet
As berries in Autumn, and fair as a blossomy bough,
And proud with the pride you know, pale sorrowful ones,
Has taken her thoughts from me, and broken her vow,
And the world is a terrible crumbling of moons and of
suns.
Mourn with dim eyes, O sad and sorrowful ones.

REPLYING TO THE MANY KIND FRIENDS WHO ASK ME IF I NO LONGER WRITE POETRY

Music is writ by the deaf
and poems by the blind.
The sage who utters wisdom
has little on the mind.
Before I had to use them
to find my way about,
Mine eyes would let in Beauty
and shut Time out.
When I was able
to keep the world hid,
Beauty would nestle
under each lid.
When I heard nothing,
there echoed in my ears
Certain cadenzas
from the Symphony of Spheres.
And in a mind
sinless of thought,
Fragments of wisdom
Casually caught.

Now, what would you?
Mind, ears and eyes
must guard me like sentinels
and serve me like spies.
They must be wide open
to see and to hear
All that is obvious
and all that is near,

And to think shrewd thoughts
with logic and reason,
And know what the time is
and what's the season.

So while I must think
and see and hear
And hold my soul taut
to grapple Fear,
The leering tyrant
of the world I live in,
Swift to crush me
if I give in,
Beauty cannot come
stealing from behind,
Nor fragments of wisdom
catch in the mind.
The best I can do
is now and then to fashion
Some measured thought
with guarded passion.
But till I'm blind again
And deaf, I assure you,
I'll write no poems
to lift and allure you.

Condé Benoist Pallen

1858-

Dr. Pallen was born at St. Louis. He is a graduate of Georgetown University and of St. Louis University. He has been on the editorial board of the *New International Encyclopædia,* the *Encyclopædia Americana* and of the *Catholic En-*

cyclopædia. Dr. Pallen is the author of several critical works and books of poetry. The Pope recently made him a Knight of St. Gregory. He is living at New York.

THE LOWER BOUGH

Rest on the lower bough,
Whose wings are frail,
Nor seek the riotous tops
Lashed by the gale.

Let not ambition tempt
To flutter where
The eagle's iron wing
May scarcely dare.

All native to the sward
And leafy shade,
Thy slender treble fills
The quiet glade.

But in the upper gale
Thy little sound
Were like a rose-leaf reft
And blown around,

Or in the solitude
Of height on height,
The flickering of a spark
Within the light.

1823-1896

In one of his magnificent essays Patmore wrote these words, and they are quoted here as the key to his life and work:

"The Catholic Church alone teaches as matters of faith those things which the thoroughly sincere person of every sect discovers, more or less obscurely for himself, but dares not believe for want of external sanction." To these must be added the text he was always quoting. "First the natural, then the spiritual." He was concerned from beginning to end with one theme, the correlation between human and divine love; and this theme he handled with inexhaustible subtlety. Marriage, according to his doctrine, is, for all those not specifically called to some state in life which makes it impossible, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The lover and the contemplative monk or nun do not travel different roads, but the same, whatever their stage upon that road may be, and their goal is the same, for it is God. Through marriage—which is the means of the lover's sanctification—he rehearses and is so prepared for the Ultimate Communion, and is made fit to endure the embrace of God. Through his perception of the hidden significance of Marriage, Patmore became (in 1864) a Catholic. Through further experience of marriage the author of *The Angel in the House* developed into the profound and daring mystic of the later odes. Many people, having read only *The Angel in the House* superficially, are inclined to dismiss the poet as superficial. Few have studied the odes of *The Unknown Eros* or they would see more in *The Angel* than they suspect is there. The fact is that Patmore has a power quite as great as Wordsworth's of actually altering the shape of his reader's mind. He may not be read at present by any wide circle—though there are signs (such as Mr. Burdett's acute study) that interest in him is growing—but he will always have readers who will discover through him a new heaven and a new earth. And he has the power of fecundating other poets, even poets as great as Francis Thompson. It is possible that he may ultimately come to be regarded—some already so regard him—as being the greatest poet of the Victorian Age. For despite the incidental Victorian coloring of *The Angel in the House,* Patmore cannot be confined to any age, and therefore will wear well.

Nearer, though never near,
His Love
And always inaccessible sweet Home;
There on his path doubly to burn.
Kiss'd by her doubled light
That whispers of its source,
The ardent secret ever clothed with Night,
Then go forth in new force
Towards a new return,
Rejoicing as a Bridegroom on his course!
This know ye all;
Therefore gaze bold,
That so in you be joyful hope increas'd,
Thorough the Palace portals, and behold
The dainty and unsating Marriage-Feast.
O, hear
Them singing clear
"Cor meum et caro mea" round the "I Am,"
The Husband of the Heavens, and the Lamb
Whom they for ever follow there that kept,
Or losing, never slept
Till they reconquer'd had in mortal fight
The standard white.
O, hear
From the harps they bore from Earth, five-strung, what
music springs,
While the glad Spirits chide
The wondering strings!
And how the shining sacrificial Choirs,
Offering for aye their dearest hearts' desires,
Which to their hearts come back beatified,
Hymn, the bright aisles along,
The nuptial song,
Song ever new to us and them, that saith,

"Hail Virgin in Virginity a Spouse!"
Heard first below
Within the little house
At Nazareth;
Heard yet in many a cell where brides of Christ
Lie hid, emparadised,
And where, although
By the hour 'tis night,
There's light,
The Day still lingering in the lap of snow.
Gaze and be not afraid,
Ye wedded few that honour, in sweet thought
And glittering will,
So freshly from the garden gather still
The lily sacrificed;
For ye, though self-suspected here for nought,
Are highly styled
With the thousands twelve times twelve of undefiled.
Gaze and be not afraid,
Young Lover true and love-foreboding Maid.
The full noon of deific vision bright
Abashes nor abates
No spark minute of Nature's keen delight.
'Tis there your Hymen waits!
There where in courts afar, all unconfused, they crowd,
As fumes the starlight soft
In gulfs of cloud,
And each to the other, well-content,
Sighs oft,
" 'Twas this we meant!"
Gaze without blame
Ye in whom living Love yet blushes for dead shame.
There of pure Virgins none
Is fairer seen,

Save One,
Than Mary Magdalene.
Gaze without doubt or fear,
Ye to whom generous Love, by any name, is dear.
Love makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity;
For, lo, the Elect
Of generous Love, how named soe'er, affect
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct,
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens:
And who Him love, in potence great or small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardour virginal.

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard word and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;

For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

A FAREWELL

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.

We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted fee
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

TO THE BODY

Creation's and Creator's crowning good;
Wall of infinitude;
Foundation of the sky,
In Heaven forecast
And long'd for from eternity,
Though laid the last;
Reverberating dome,
Of music cunningly built home
Against the void and indolent disgrace
Of unresponsive space;
Little, sequester'd pleasure-house
For God and for His Spouse;
Elaborately, yea, past conceiving, fair,
Since, from the graced decorum of the hair,

Ev'n to the tingling, sweet
Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet,
And from the inmost heart
Outwards unto the thin
Silk curtains of the skin,
Every least part
Astonish'd hears
And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres;
Form'd for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
Lest shameless men cry "Shame!"
So rich with wealth conceal'd
That Heaven and Hell fight chiefly for this field;
Clinging to everything that pleases thee
With indefectible fidelity;
Alas, so true
To all thy friendships that no grace
Thee from thy sin can wholly disembrace;
Which thus 'bides with thee as the Jebusite,
That, maugre all God's promises could do,
The chosen People never conquer'd quite;
Who therefore lived with them,
And that by formal truce and as of right,
In metropolitan Jerusalem.
For which false fealty
Thou needs must, for a season, lie
In the grave's arms, foul and unshriven,
Albeit, in Heaven,
Thy crimson-throbbing Glow
Into its old abode aye pants to go,
And does with envy see
Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
Who left the roses in her body's lieu.
O, if the pleasures I have known in thee
But my poor faith's poor first-fruits be,

What quintessential, keen, ethereal bliss
Then shall be his
Who has thy birth-time's consecrating dew
For death's sweet chrism retain'd,
Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!

THE AZALEA

There, where the sun shines first
Against our room,
She train'd the gold Azalea, whose perfume
She, Spring-like, from her breathing grace dispersed.
Last night the delicate crests of saffron bloom,
For this their dainty likeness watch'd and nurst,
Were just at point to burst.
At dawn I dream'd, O God, that she was dead,
And groan'd aloud upon my wretched bed,
And waked, ah, God, and did not waken her,
But lay, with eyes still closed,
Perfectly bless'd in the delicious sphere
By which I knew so well that she was near,
My heart to speechless thankfulness composed.
Till 'gan to stir
A dizzy somewhat in my troubled head—
It *was* the azalea's breath, and she *was* dead!
The warm night had the lingering buds disclosed,
And I had fall'n asleep with to my breast
A chance-found letter press'd
In which she said,
"So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!"

MAGNA EST VERITAS

Here, in this little Bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where, twice a day,
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
I sit me down.
For want of me the world's course will not fail:
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;
The truth is great, and shall prevail
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

Padraic Pearse

1879-1916

Padraic Pearse was born at Dublin, the son of an English father and an Irish mother. At seventeen he organized the New Ireland Literary Society and at twenty-four became Irish lecturer in Catholic University College. In 1908 he founded the famous St. Enda's School, where he put into highly successful practice his ideas for an education that was to be Catholic and Gaelic. In the 1916 rising Pearse was Commander in Chief of the Army and President of the Provisional Government. The best of Pearse's literary works is to be found in his stories and plays. But all that he wrote reveals the gentleness of his character and the exaltation of his mysticism. Ireland has never had a nobler martyr to its cause.

IDEAL

Naked I saw thee,
O beauty of beauty!
And I blinded my eyes
For fear I should flinch.

I heard thy music,
O sweetness of sweetness!
And I shut my ears
For fear I should fail.

I kissed thy lips,
O sweetness of sweetness!
And I hardened my heart
For fear of my ruin.

I blinded my eyes
And my ears I shut,
I hardened my heart
And my love I quenched.

I turned my back
On the dream I had shaped,
And to this road before me
My face I turned.

I set my face
To the road here before me,
To the work that I see,
To the death that I shall meet.

—Translated by Thomas MacDonagh.

Douglas Pepler

1880?-

Mr. Pepler is a convert from Quakerism. He retired from a position on the London County Council to a farm at Ditchling, Sussex, where he combines agriculture and some of the best

printing being done in our time. He is associated with the eminent sculptor, Mr. Eric Gill, and the two men have gathered round them an interesting colony.

THE LAW THE LAWYERS KNOW ABOUT

The law the lawyers know about
Is property and land;
But why the leaves are on the trees,
And why the winds disturb the seas,
Why honey is the food of bees,
Why horses have such tender knees,
Why winters come and rivers freeze,
Why Faith is more than what one sees,
And Hope survives the worst disease,
And Charity is more than these,
They do not understand.

John Swinnerton Phillimore

1873-

Professor Phillimore is the son of Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford. From 1899 to 1906 he was professor of Greek at Glasgow University and held the Sather Professorship of Classics at the University of California during 1914-15. He has translated and edited many of the Greek and Latin classics and has written two volumes of verse.

IN A MEADOW

This is the place
Where far from the unholy populace
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep
Her court doth keep,

Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound
  Hover around
The little amiable summer airs,
  Her courtiers.

  The deep dark soil
Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil;
The grasses sagely nodding overhead
  Curtain her bed;
And lest the feet of strangers overpass
  Her walls of grass,
Gravely a little river goes his rounds
  To beat the bounds.

  —No bustling flood
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,
But such a stream as knows to go and come
  Discreetly dumb.
Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds
  And screen'd with reeds;
For roof the waterlily-leaves serene
  Spread tiles of green.

  The sun's large eye
Falls soberly upon me where I lie;
For delicate webs of immaterial haze
  Refine his rays.
The air is full of music none knows what,
  Or half-forgot;
The living echo of dead voices fills
  The unseen hills.

  I hear the song
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long;

And know not if it be my inward sprite
For my delight
Making remember'd poetry appear
As sound in the ear:
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze
From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep;
And Quiet very large and manifold
About me roll'd;
Satiety, that momentary flower,
Stretched to an hour:
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,
And all refuse.

Charles Phillips

1880-

Professor Phillips was born at New Richmond, Wis. He graduated from De la Salle College of Toronto and then engaged in journalism, becoming editor of several papers, among them the San Francisco *Monitor*. He is the author of several books and a play, *The Divine Friend*, which was produced in 1915 by Miss Margaret Anglin. He is now professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University.

WILLOW RIVER

Rome I have loved and by the Tiber's stream
Dreamed once again the poet's classic dream
Where living spires above dead splendors gleam.

Firenze under the white Apennine snows
Holds still my heart as long as Arno flows
Deep swelling with the tide of Dante's woes.

Seine of the bridges, that from towered Rouen
Links the dear glory of the martyred Jeanne
With boulevarded Paris in its span—

Vienna of St. Stephen's . . . music, light,
And the blue Danube, swift in silver flight,
Whispering dark secrets to the singing night.

Vistula, that I've followed from the falls
Of ice-fed Tatra, past old Krakow's walls,
Through Poland's sunlit fields where Baltic calls—

And Holy Kiev of the golden domes
Where still down Lavra's darkened catacombs
Grave Nestor's spirit by the Dnieper roams:

But, O great Tiber, Arno dear, O Seine,
O dreaming Danube, and wide-watered plain
Of Polish prairie and the flowered Ukraine,

Not all your storied streams nor all your flood
Of fabled wave—though stars of glory stud
Your heroed bosoms—stir my homing blood

As one fond vagrant glimpse of this least tide,
Unmapped, uncharted, hidden from the pride
Of traveled scene, whose quiet waters glide

Deep in the timbered prairie, where a day
Of long lost summertime, a boy at play,
I dreamed great worlds, and rivers far away.

1801-1866

Father Pise was born at Annapolis, Md., and educated at Georgetown University. For a time he was a member of the Society of Jesus. After teaching for a time at St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, he was attached to St. Patrick's Church, Washington, and while there was elected (on December 11th, 1832) chaplain to the United States Senate, being the only Catholic priest ever to hold that office. Later he was pastor at churches in New York and Brooklyn, where he died. He wrote *A History of the Catholic Church* in five volumes and several other works of a similar sort.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land;
Whose meteor folds above me,
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to some foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, blest flag, to trample!

They say that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under,
Flag of my native home;

And with one blow dissever
My heart from thee forever.

False are the words they utter,
  Ungenerous their brand;
And rash the oaths they mutter,
  Flag of my native land;
Whilst, still, in hope above me,
Thou wavest—and I love thee!

God is my love's first duty,
  To whose eternal Name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
  Thy grandeur and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or stranger
  Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee or endanger;
  Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
  And in thy gentle shade,
Beliefs, opinions, manners,
  Promiscuously be laid;
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
  Thou Labarum of light,
While in our generous chorus
  Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee—never!
My native land forever!

Joseph Plunkett

1887-1916

Joseph Mary Plunkett was born at Dublin, the son of Count Plunkett. He studied at Belvidere College and at Stonyhurst in England. Returning to Ireland, he came under the influence of MacDonagh and assisted him in the editing of the *Irish Review*. His plans for the occupation of Dublin were adopted practically in their entirety. On the night before his execution he was married to Grace Gifford.

I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

THE GLORIES OF THE WORLD SINK DOWN IN GLOOM

The glories of the world sink down in gloom
And Babylon and Nineveh and all
Of Hell's high strongholds answer to the call,
The silent waving of a sable plume.
But there shall break a day when Death shall loom
For thee, and thine own panoply appal
Thee, like a stallion in a burning stall,
While blood-red stars blaze out in skies of doom.

Lord of sarcophagus and catacomb,
Blood-drunken Death! Within the columned hall
Of time, thou diest when its pillars fall.
Death of all deaths! Thou diggest thine own tomb,
Makest thy mound of Earth's soon-shattered dome,
And pullest the heavens upon thee for a pall.

Adelaide Annè Procter

1825-1864

Miss Procter was the eldest daughter of Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall"). She became a convert to the Catholic Church in 1851. Her hymns—among them "My God, I Thank Thee Who Hast Made the World so Bright" and "I Do Not Ask, O Lord, That Life May Be"—are very popular among Protestants and hardly known by her coreligionists. The whole English-speaking world has her song "The Lost Chord" by heart. Hers is a not unenviable form of immortality.

A DOUBTING HEART

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prison'd they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain,
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you once again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quench'd in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for the darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

May Probyn

The poem given here was first printed, forty years ago, by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell in *Merry England*. But Mr. Meynell can give no further account of the poet beyond that she was a convert, confined to her rooms by illness and living near the Farm Street Jesuits in London. As she was so ill then, she has (presumably) long been dead.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Lacking samite and sable,
Lacking silver and gold,
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable
Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water,
Mary, not touch'd of sin,
Sat by Him,—the King's daughter,
All glorious within.

A lily without one stain, a
Star where no spot hath room.
Ave, gratia plena—
Virgo Virginum!

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture,
Clad not in cramoisie,
She hath hush'd, she hath cradled to rest, her
God the first time on her knee.

Where is one to adore Him?
The ox hath dumbly confess'd,
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,
Et homo factus est.

Not throned on ivory or cedar,
Not crown'd with a Queen's crown,
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her
Maker, from Heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom
Sudden, and its bells chime—
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,
Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels
Was alight, and its snow-pack'd ways
Sweet made (say the Evangels)
With the noise of their virelays.

Quem vidistis, pastores?
Why go ye feet unshod?
Wot ye within yon door is
Mary, the Mother of God?

No smoke of spice is ascending
There—no roses are piled—
But, choicer than all balms blending,
There Mary hath kiss'd her child.

Dilectus meus mihi
Et ego Illi—cold
Small cheek against her cheek, He
Sleepeth, three hours old.

1839-1908

Randall was born at Baltimore, Md. He wrote many poems, but none of them attained or (though this was not his own opinion) deserved the popularity of his "Maryland, My Maryland." This is undoubtedly the finest poem of its kind ever written in America. Randall died at Augusta, Georgia.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters in the plain,—
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,

From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, not deaf, nor dumb!
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Agnes Repplier

1858-

Miss Repplier was born at Philadelphia and is of French extraction. She was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Torresdale, about which in *Our Convent Days* she has written one of the most delightful of her books. These include a large number of volumes of essays, which exhibit a wide scholarship, graceful writing and good sense, qualities that have given her a very high place in American letters.

LE REPOS EN EGYPTE: THE SPHINX

All day I watch the stretch of burning sand;
All night I brood beneath the golden stars;
Amid the silence of a desolate land,
No touch of bitterness my reverie mars.
Built by the proudest of a kingly line,
Over my head the centuries fly fast;
The secrets of the mighty dead are mine;
I hold the key of a forgotten past.
Yet, ever hushed into a rapturous dream,
I see again that night. A halo mild
Shone from the liquid moon. Beneath her beam
Traveled a tired young Mother and her Child.
Within mine arms she slumbered, and alone
I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide
Lay stretched o'er-wearied. On my breast of stone
Rested the Crucified.

James Jeffrey Roche

1847-1908

Roche was born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland. In infancy he was brought to Prince Edward Island and, later, to the United States. He served as assistant editor of the Boston *Pilot* under his friend John Boyle O'Reilly from 1883 to 1890, when he took over the management of the paper which he edited until his death.

ANDROMEDA

They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;

The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main.
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

THE KEARSARGE

In the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless æons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribbee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave:
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

Loretta Roche

Miss Roche was born at New Haven, Connecticut, but has lived since the age of two at Old Lyme, in the same state. She graduated in 1921 at the Connecticut College for Women, since when she has been teaching languages.

OF CERTAIN POETS

Our words were gathered when the day was young,
Words tasting of white apples, with a hint
Of frosty mornings and the chilly glint
Of eastern light. Our songs were never sung
To swift arpeggios, but to deep chords, wrung
From silence difficult as walls of flint.
We seek words scentless but for pungent mint
That leaves its cool clean fragrance on the tongue.

Let others pick the rich fruit hanging low,
Ripened and soft, that knows too much of sun
And drops from branches shaken by a sound.
No words that lie forgotten on the ground
With meanings easily and quickly won
Can satisfy the hunger that we know.

John Jerome Rooney

1866-

Judge Rooney was born at Binghamton, N. Y. He graduated from St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and, after a brief period as a journalist, took up the study of law. He has been Presiding Judge of the Court of Claims, State of New York, since 1913. During the war with Spain he became very well known as the author of a number of spirited patriotic poems, one of which, "The Men Behind the Guns," originated that phrase. He lives in New York.

THE RAHAT

Upon Nirwana's brink the rahat stood;
Beneath him rolled the Ocean of the All:
Responsive flowed the current of his blood
To meet the tidal call—

Save one red drop within his mortal veins
Wherein the image of Zuleika shone;
He gazed a moment at Nirwana's gains—
And Earthward he was gone!

1839-1886

Father Ryan was the poet of the South during the Civil War. Poems like "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Robert Lee," though they lack literary finish, fulfill well enough the purpose for which they were written. It is not surprising that Father Ryan's work has enjoyed, and indeed still enjoys, a great popularity below the Mason-Dixon Line.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
  Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon bright,
  Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
  It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
  Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
  Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
  To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
  Waved sword from stain so free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,

Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again;
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Kathryn White Ryan

Mrs. Ryan was born at Albany, N. Y. She has contributed short stories and poems to the magazines and is the author of a book of poems, *The Golden Pheasant*. Her home is now in New York.

HAITI

The leopard, sun and shade, crouches and speeds
Over the backs of hills, over the sand,
Over blue-moulded seas, uncooled and bland;
And on decay the spotted leopard feeds.
Palms, roses, supersede the human weeds,
And sloth sprawls sleeping on the clotted land,
A subtle horror in each limp black hand—
A lingering of ancient blood-red deeds.

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And sloth sprawls sleeping on the clotted land,
A subtle horror in each limp black hand—
A lingering of ancient blood-red deeds.

Black shadows trail the footprints through white dust
Of climbing stragglers on a march that goes
Into locked speechless hills, line after line;
Shrill, rhythmic, burdened head and sprawling toes
Defile through mountain jungles like the thrust
And spread of some far-tendrilled helpless vine.

Charles Kenneth Scott-Moncrieff

1889-

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff was educated at Winchester and Edinburgh University. He served with distinction from the beginning to the end of the War. Since then he has been engaged in literary work, and has made a great reputation by his translations of *The Song of Roland, The Charterhouse of Parma,* and Marcel Proust's novels. He is now living in Italy.

TO P. G. B.

Philip, here at the end of a year that, ending,
Spares for mankind a world that has not spared thee;
O'er the sole fathom of earth that may know thee, bending
Dry-eyed, bitterly smiling, I now regard thee.

Friend—nay, friend were a name too common, rather
Mind of my intimate mind, I may claim thee lover:
Thoughts of thy mind blown fresh from the void I gather;
Half of my limbs, head, heart in thy grave I cover:

I who, the soldier first, had at first designed thee
Heir, now health, strength, life itself would I give thee.
More than all that has journeyed hither to find thee,
Half a life from the wreckage saved to survive thee.

. . . . . .

Fare thee well then hence; for the scrutinous Devil
Finds no gain in the faults of thy past behaviour,
Seeing good flower everywhere forth from evil:
Christ be at once thy Judge, who is still thy Saviour,

Who too suffered death for thy soul's possession;
Pardoned then thine offences, nor weighed the merit:
God the Father, hearing His intercession,
Calls thee home to Him. God the Holy Spirit

Grant thee rest therefore: a quiet crossing
From here to the further side, and a safe landing
There, no shore-waves breaking nor breeze tossing,
In the Peace of God, which passeth our understanding.

Dora Sigerson Shorter

Mrs. Shorter was born at Dublin, the daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, the Irish scholar. She married Clement Shorter, the English critic. Her work is Irish throughout in its motive, and though it does not possess a great deal of variety, merits, at its best, a place in any anthology of modern verse. She died in 1918.

IRELAND

'Twas the dream of a God,
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold
A brown tumult of wings,

Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours.
I have left you at last.

THE COMFORTERS

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,
When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,
As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross, sorrow did speak,
When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

George N. Shuster

1894-

Mr. Shuster was born at Lancaster, Wis. He has been successively a newspaperman, Head of the Department of English at Notre Dame University, and Associate Editor of the *Commonweal*. He has published several volumes of literary history and criticism.

WHAT HIGHWAY?

What highway, dear, shall our true loving climb?
Up cold-browed peaks? Or on the gypsy plain,
Merry with rainbow caravans that stain
The road from Ithamar to Hagersheim?
Maybe a path, hedged tidily with thyme
And maples, where the thrushes mingle rain
With tears. There softly whispers day's refrain;
All noons are cool and movement calmest rhyme.

What matter where our living's lane go through,
If bright or dim, or swift to cross or long,
So my heart be a mantle for your shoe
And that most gentle! Then the morning's strong
Brown eyes shall find earth beautiful in you
And evening echo as with evensong.

1839-

Dr. Sigerson is professor of Biology at Dublin University College and a member of the Senate of the Irish Free State. His best-known book, one that was epoch-making, is his *Bards of the Gael and Gall.*

CEANN DUV DILIS

(Translated from the Gaelic)

Black head dearest, dearest, dearest!
Lay thy head, dearest! my heart above!
Small mouth of honey, thyme-scented, sunny—
No heart that lives could refuse thee love!

The maids of the vale in their sorrow are sighing,
Their long tresses flying all loose in the wind,
That I for the sake of my Darling am dying,
And grieving and leaving those who are kind.

Black head dearest, dearest, dearest!
Lay thy head, dearest! my heart above;
Small mouth of honey, thyme-scented, sunny—
No heart that lives could refuse thee love!

Edgar R. Smothers

1888-

Father Smothers was born at Altamont, Ill. He was received into the Catholic Church in 1913 and entered the Jesuit novitiate the following year. He was ordained in 1926 at St. Louis.

SPRING SADNESS

Earth's hope is never dead:
A myriad winters' curses on her head
Are all in vain. On grateful eyes once more
Her waking smile is shed:
'Tis April, true to April, as of yore!

The wrongs, the wrongs of men!
Hell's pack, grown bold, by daylight leave the den.
Body and soul the hapless folk they harry.
Keen on the listener's ken
The rising winds a ceaseless menace carry.

But thou, O baited thing,
Sad heart, not wise, take auguries of Spring!
She keeps her faith, sweet scorner of despair,
Till Christ, her champion, bring
In triumph home the summer of her prayer!

Lilian White Spencer

Mrs. Spencer, the sister of Kathryn White Ryan, was born at Albany, N. Y. She has written a number of poems, for the most part in sonnet form, for the magazines. Her home is in Denver.

SAN MIGUEL TLAXCALTECOS

This old brown angel of the desert stands
Keeping long vigil with the faithful years
At Santa Fe. Rich tithes of blood and tears
Time grants Tlaxcaltecos, whose lowly sands

Were made the house of God by swarthy hands
Held out to greet the knightly pioneers
Who found their west in stranger hemispheres
And named Saint Michael warder of new lands.
The glories of His proud cathedrals dim
Its halo now. Yet here His praises were
First uttered in these states, and dear to Him
Must be the humble eldest presbyter
That guards, like one of His own seraphim,
Mary, as Cimabue visioned her.

AUT CAESAR AUT NULLUS

"Come; sun and laughter wait us at the end!"
You whisper as I walk a darkened road
Bowed with my burden. God grows kind to send
A guide who leads me from this crushing load.

. . . No further! He is beautiful, the dead,
Thrust from my heart: so empty now and free—
I must go back. . . . It aches still where his head
Long pressed against my bosom heavily.

Charles Warren Stoddard

1843-1909

Stoddard was born at Rochester, N. Y. While he was a child his parents moved to San Francisco. In 1864 he visited the South Seas, about which he was destined to write the book that was to alter the course of Robert Louis Stevenson's life. There he became acquainted with Father Damien. In 1867 he was received into the Catholic Church. From 1873 to 1878 he held a roving commission for the San Francisco *Chronicle* and

travelled in Europe, Palestine and Egypt, writing articles which are among the best things he ever did. In 1885 he was appointed professor of English Literature at Notre Dame and he held from 1889 to 1892 a similar position at the Catholic University at Washington. But his health broke down, and in 1905 he returned to California. There he lingered on until his death at Monterey. The sweetness and charm of Stoddard's character impart a charm to all of his books, the best of which are in prose.

ALBATROSS

Time cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,
  Lone sentry of the deep!
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form
  Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,
  Grow blank in utter death?
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee bare,
Invulnerable spirit of the air,
  And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave—
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,
  Caught by the shrieking blast,
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked,
On an eternity of waters rocked,
  Defiant to the last!

A NANTUCKET GRAVE

Tired of the tempest and racing wind,
  Tired of the spouting breaker,
Here they come at the end, to find
  Rest in the silent acre.

Feet pass over the graveyard turf,
  Up from the sea or downward;
One way leads to the raging surf,
  One to the perils townward.

"Harken! harken!" the dead men call,—
  "Whose is the step that passes?
Knows he not we are safe from all,
  Under the nodding grasses?"

Speer Strahan

Father Strahan was born at Fife Lake, Michigan, and educated at Notre Dame University. He was ordained priest in 1925, and is now teaching English in the Catholic University of America.

PRAYER FOR A LEVITE

The night before I am raised to subdeaconship,
That august and irrevocable order
Instituted by the little Christian flock somewhere near
  the close of the apostolic age,—
Before I take the mystic step forward
And am bound with the great vow
Making me one with Christ,
Priest, Victim, and Sacrifice,—

That night
I should like to go out and wander through the May moonlight,
To revisit all beautiful places I have ever known
Or dreamed of.

I should like to stand
Where the grey sea,
Veiled in spray,
Wanders among the ruins of lost cities,
Seeking with ineffectual hands to explain the secret of the ages . . .
To see beyond deserts
Cities against the breasts of African solitudes . . .
To climb where I might glimpse
Down the hills,
Sorrento,
The orange gardens dim about her,
And a monk's garden with one cypress
Lifting to get a better look at a star.

But most of all,
I should like to lose myself on magic thoroughfares,
Where thousands meet and pass and linger and meet again . . .
With floods of multi-colored taxi-cabs
Speeding on errands of pleasure,
Carrying rich and poor alike, tranquil lovely women, handsome men, crowds of youth, poor Italians going to the opera . . .
To see the poor in their tenements, forgotten old men and women wringing their hands because life has passed them by, firemen, old crones selling news-

papers, policemen viewing the crowds with unseeing eyes . . .
To hear the harbor calls of an ocean liner as she slips down the river and puts out to sea . . .
And then come out again
Into the illuminated canyons of Broadway, or the Loop in Chicago, or the Capucines in Paris at midnight—
And see the pitiful little wanderers
On the wet pavements,
Their faces turned unwillingly toward the flame . . .

I want to feel as intensely as possible the depth, the reach, the breadth, the blast of all human bitterness,
I want, for that one night,
To be made identical
With dreamless, bleeding, helpless, loving and betrayed humanity.
And then turn homeward
Through stretches of intermingled meadow and woodland,
Stopping
To hear the breathing of the quiet cattle, dear dumb creatures, as they rest, bathed in the spring moonlight.

Here,
The darkness, silent and mysterious,
Covers, cloaks, engulfs me, like a soundless sea,
Like the nights of Genesis
Before the Spirit of God moved upon the waters . . .
It is the night of the Beloved.

My garlands of white violets have withered,
I have broken my cups and gone out of my house . . .
Unpractised husbandman,
I dedicate my unsown fields

And the vintage of these veins,
For even now
I can feel the priest growing within me
As the Host ripens in the grain field,
Or the grape
Under the westering sun swells heavy with wine.

To-night
I shall not walk under the cluttered stars,
But as I pass to bed,
I shall look at the new moon
Over my left shoulder,
Thinking how her light is a beautiful type of the mercies
of God . . .
Then—to fall asleep, thinking upon the face of Christ.

SEA

I never look upon a sail
By shining lake or coast
But what my heart lifts up as when
I see the holy Host.

Through days of green horizons
And nights aflame with stars,
The tides of my thoughts are thronged
With shadowy sails and spars.

Lo, now the sudden altar chime
Swings, and the winds outswell,
. . . *The Sea, the Sea* . . . and I seem to hear
The cry of a ship's bell.

A DAY OF SNOW

A whiteness as of light,
Unearthly strange,
Soft in the woods, heavy and dim
On every limb.

Over the low fields
Snow like milk,
And skies
Pale as crocuses.

And I thought of Another
To whom the world is white
From harvest to harvest,—
What His behest?

Who views men lover-wise
Behind love's lattices,
And thus our ugliness is blurred
Unto the Word.

Henry Longan Stuart

1875-

Henry Longan Stuart was born at London of Scotch and Irish parents, and educated at Ratcliffe College. For two years he ranched in Colorado. *Weeping Cross,* a novel of Puritan New England, from which "In Exitu" is taken, was partly written during this period and finished in Florence, Italy, and London. It was followed by *Fenella,* published in 1911. During the war, Mr. Stuart was a captain in the Royal Field

Artillery, attached to the Italian army during 1917 and 1918. He was on the staff of the Military Mission at Paris, till 1919. He is part-author of *American Civilisation: An Enquiry.* After journalistic experience in New York, Boston, Paris and London, he became Associate Editor of *The Commonweal* in 1925.

IN EXITU

When the cloven waters roll
Back on them that sought my soul,
And they perish in the flood
Of the Red Sea of Thy blood,

Is it counted for a fault
That I taste Thy mercies salt,
And with feet dry-shod would fain
Stand on Egypt's shores again?

Not because my heart or will
For the flesh-pot lusteth still,
Not because before mine eyes
League on league Thy desert lies,

Foodless, while unusèd hands
Grope for manna 'mid its sands,
Waterless, till water start
From the smitten mountain's heart.

Ere that midnight when such fear
Shook me that I woke to hear
Past the spattered doors the cry
Ringing: "Gird thyself and fly!"

Well Thou knowest there were those
Whom my heart's corruption chose:
Comrades by our partnership
In the Ethiop's goad and whip.

Then I found them not, nor sought:
All my senses were distraught
From the night, the torches' glare
And the women's cry to spare!

Frenzied hands that spoiled their dead
Thrusting on us as we sped
Golden torques and bracelets torr
From the clay of the first-born.

Sometimes seemed it that I guessed
Face or voice from out the rest:
Then the darkness—then the host
Overwhelmed them: they were lost.

And, as flocks are shepherded,
From all sides the city's dread
Bore me, through the rage and din,
Past the pasture-land of sin.

Looking not to left nor right
Fear compelled my feet a night.
Morning broke: I wept, to see
Not one face I loved nigh me.

Sharers in the afore-time task,
Oh! rebuke not, when I ask,
'Mid Thine awful mercies, where
Had they parcel, part or share.

Lord! regard them. Let me know,
In Thy land where I must go,
That the covenant extends
To their souls who were my friends.

That no plagues of Thine afresh
Scourge my brethren in the flesh,
But the judgment—and the wave
Sundered us that Thou might'st save.

THE PASSAGE

Mournful tugs, mid smoke and spray,
Warped the liner from the quay,
England slipped from me in one day.

Past her fading cliffs, and past
Vain white arms that the old land cast:
Stars and the sea alone at last!

That first night (my shipmates slept)
Close to the cabin's side I crept,
Gazed on the dead thing I had kept:

Even as seamen use their dead,
Sheathed in canvas—sewn with thread,
Shotted hard at the feet and head.

Under the ports, where ocean plied
Whips of spume to our straining side,
I let it go to the mist and tide.

After the tempest of our grief,
It seemed so quiet an end—so brief,
Swift and sudden beyond belief.

Who hath dirged at its burial?
Gulls, that mewed at the gleam and fall,
Sea, that sorrows and speaks for all.

Who shall guess what my own heart said?
None, till sorrow with time be sped,
On a day that the sea gives up its dead.

Six days out: the West turned flame.
Home-bound ships on our quarters came,
Dipped each pennon and spelled each name.

Seventh day: on a rainy sky,
Sheer and sullen and strange and high,
We watched the city where I shall die.

THE LEAVEN

In the measure of her meal
The good wife hides the little ball of leaven.
By night and day it works amid the meal,
Till a day comes when all is leaven.

In the measure of my life
Years ago God hid a little secret pain.
Through joy and sorrow it has wrought in me:
To-night there is nothing else in life but pain.

Janet Erskine Stuart

1857-1914

Mother Stuart was born in Cottesmore, Rutland, the youngest daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England. She was converted to the Catholic Faith in 1879 and three years later

entered the Society of the Sacred Heart. She died after thirty-three years of religious life, having held in succession the offices of Mistress of Novices, Superior Vicar in England, and Superior General of the whole order. Her biography, written by Mother Maud Monahan, reveals a personality of great charm united with enormous practical capacity and an elevated spirituality. All the work that she wrote for publication was in prose, but after her death a collection of the verse that she wrote from time to time for her own pleasure was gathered together. The stanzas printed here are only a part of a longer poem in that volume.

FATIGATUS EX ITINERE
St. John iv, 6

Lord, art Thou weary? Scarcely yet
  The sun has touched the mid-day line
Above the morning of Thy life,
  The heaven of that youth of Thine,
And scarcely in Thy strength appears
The fulness of Thy thirty years.

Lord, art Thou weary? Is the work
  The Father trusted to Thy care,
His ruined temple to restore,
  Beyond Thy mortal strength to bear?
Is Thy omnipotence indeed
Too sorely pressed in this our need?

Lord, art Thou weary? Has the road
  So soon worn out the sandalled feet,
And must Thou slacken in the way
  Before the journey is complete?
Must evil weary out the saint?
And Godhead in the strife grow faint?

Lord, art Thou weary? Must the hope
  Which fed the centuries expire?
And shall the old despair prevail
  And quench the expectant beacon fire?
Have all the ages prayed in vain?
Is life o'erthrown by death again?

In tide and orbit held by law
  The balanced floods must rise and fall;
The radiant planet on its way
  Return, obedient to control—
Night is the minister of day,
And spring through winter finds its way.

Then welcome be the weary hour,
  The pause between the beats of time,
When every oracle is dumb,
  And silent every distant chime;
In stillness then, the attentive ear
Can hear His footsteps drawing near.

John Banister Tabb

1845-1909

Father Tabb was born at Mattoax, near Richmond, Virginia, and in all his life never went north of the Mason-Dixon Line. He served as a very young man with the Confederate forces, but was soon taken prisoner. After the war he studied for a time for the Episcopalian ministry but before the date set for his ordination he joined (in 1872) the Catholic Church. A few months later he entered St. Charles' Seminary. In 1884 he was ordained priest at Baltimore by Cardinal (then Bishop) Gibbons, and the remainder of his life was spent in teaching. During the last two years of his life he was completely blind.

M. S. Pine, one of his biographers, records him as saying that he could do nothing that was not directly imparted to him. People have talked glibly about his carving cameos. But the astonishing fact is that all his delicacy and economy was not the fruit of labor but of easy spontaneity. As Mrs. Meynell, the maker of the selected edition of his poems, has well said, in linking his name with that of George Herbert as his sole match in the language for simplicity and security: "He had the lovely confidence of a poet in his won dignity, needing no effort, admitting no pretence, not anxious to conceal art—nay, confessing it with exquisite pleasure in the success of thought, in the success of style."

Tabb's central theme was not religion but nature. That is, he rarely wrote on explicitly religious subjects. But implicitly the whole of his work was religious, and he saw the world by the light of the skies. With most charming wit he was forever pointing out an antithesis between heaven and earth. Every blossom smelled to him of the fields of Paradise. Every bird to which he listened had sung in the leafy glades of Eden. But Tabb was a poet of fancy rather than of imagination and belongs to that group of singers among whom the greatest name is Herrick's.

TO A SONGSTER

O little bird, I'd be
  A Poet like to thee,
Singing my native song—
Brief to the ear, but long
  To love and memory.

WILD FLOWERS

We grow where none but God,
  Life's gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
  Bestows His care.

Our morn and evening dew—
The sacrament
That maketh all things new—
From heaven is sent:

And thither, ne'er in vain,
We look for aid,
To find the punctual rain
Or sun or shade,

Appointed hour by hour
To every need,
Alike of parent flower
Or nursling seed;

Till, blossom-duty done,
With parting smile,
We vanish, one by one,
To sleep awhile.

NATURE

It is His garment; and to them
Who touch in faith its utmost hem
He, turning, says again, "I see
That virtue hath gone out of me."

THE REAPER

Tell me, whither, maiden June,
Down the dusky slope of noon,
With thy sickle of a moon,
Goest thou to reap.

"Fields of Fancy by the stream
Of night in silvery silence gleam,
To heap with many a harvest-dream
The granary of Sleep."

TO A ROSE

Thou hast not toiled, sweet Rose,
Yet needest rest;
Softly thy petals close
Upon thy breast,
Like folded hands, of labor long oppressed.

Naught knowest thou of sin,
Yet tears are thine;
Baptismal drops within
Thy chalice shine,
At morning's birth, at evening's calm decline.

Alas! one day hath told
Thy tale to thee!
Thy tender leaves enfold
Life's mystery:
Its shadow falls alike on thee and me!

GOING BLIND

Back to the primal gloom
Where life began,
As to my mother's womb
Must I a man
Return:
Not to be born again,

But to remain;
And in the school of darkness learn
What mean
"The Things Unseen."

CONFIDED

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest, waking, it should bleat and pine for me!

TO SILENCE

Why the warning finger-tip
Pressed forever on thy lip?
"To remind the pilgrim Sound
That it moves on holy ground,
In a breathing-space to be
Hushed for all eternity."

OVERFLOW

Hush!
With sudden gush
As from a fountain, sings in yonder bush
The Hermit Thrush.

Hark!
Did ever Lark
With swifter scintillations fling the spark
That fires the dark?

Again,
Like April rain
Of mist and sunshine mingled, moves the strain
O'er hill and plain.

Strong
As love, O Song,
In flame or torrent sweep through Life along,
O'er grief and wrong.

JACET LEO XIII

Behold the aged Lion, Lord! I am
Now come to lay me down beside the Lamb.

WINTER RAIN

Rain on the roof, and rain
On the burial-place of grain;
To one a voice in vain;
To one, o'er hill and plain,
The pledge of life again.

Rain on the sterile sea,
That hath no need of thee,
Nor keeps thy memory—
'Tis thou that teachest me
The range of charity.

MY CAPTIVE

I brought a Blossom home with me
  Beneath my roof to stay;
But timorous and frail was she,
  And died before the day:
She missed the measureless expanse
Of heaven, and heaven her countenance.

THE GOOD THIEF

If thou, like Zacheus, wouldst see
Thy Lord and Master, climb the tree
And for His passing wait with me.

Here, nearer to its native skies,
No intervening darkness lies
Between the soul and Paradise.

Was ever mortal penance brief
As mine? A moment of belief—
Turnkey of Heaven, beware—a thief!

NEKROS

Lo! all thy glory gone!
God's masterpiece undone!
The last created and the first to fall;
The noblest, frailest, godliest of all.

Death seems the conqueror now,
And yet his victor thou:
The fatal shaft its venom quenched in thee,
A mortal raised to immortality.

Child of the humble sod,
Wed with the breath of God,
Descend! for with the lowest thou must lie—
Arise! thou hast inherited the sky.

Mary Dixon Thayer

1897-

Miss Thayer was born in Philadelphia, in which city she still lives. She is the author of two books of poems: *Songs of Youth* and *New York,* the title poem of which was awarded the *Contemporary Verse* prize.

SILENCES

I sing the song of Silences.

Silences of ponds
Where Dawn commences;
Of forests, and of curling fronds
Of fern;

Sunsets, and hours of night
When nothing stirs . . .
Stars burn
Through pointed firs.

Silences of white rains that fall
On opened fields;
Silence that shrouds
Death, and of all
That creeps around our life; of clouds,
Dreams, spectres, loves and faiths—what yields
Us consciousness of Something fair,
Transfused and vibrant everywhere.

I sing the song of words unsaid;
And lingerings
Of lovers; songs of tears unshed
I sing; of gestures, glances, smiles,
And things
That might have been;
Instants between
Chords. Wings
Of vivid birds through summer's day;
Vague flutterings;
Thoughts of a lonely child at play.

I sing the song of spaces,
And of sky.
I sing the song of faces
That pass by.

Francis Thompson

1859-1907

Francis Thompson was born at Preston, England, where his father was a doctor. He was destined for the priesthood, but his dreaminess and hopeless unpracticality made his superiors gently suggest that he had better follow some other career. Intensely disappointed, Thompson returned to his father's house. His failure haunted his whole life, and the fact that he was what is called in Ireland a "spoiled priest" is more important in the explanation of Thompson's private tragedy than even the opium habit he later acquired. After a period spent at Owen's College, where he studied medicine, Thompson ran away from home and went to London. There he was reduced to the most abject poverty and sold matches in the street and earned a few odd pennies by calling cabs. From the London gutter he was rescued by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, to whom Thompson had sent his poem "The Passion of Mary" and his

essay on "Paganism New and Old." In Alice Meynell he found not only a patron but a Muse, and to her he addressed the amazing series of poems, "Love in Dian's Lap," one of which, "To a Poet Breaking Silence," is included in this anthology. Patmore said of them that they were love poems of the kind that St. John of the Cross might have addressed to St. Teresa. "The Hound of Heaven," is the greatest mystical poem in the language, and is only approached by some of Thompson's other poems and by some of Patmore's. In "The Making of Viola" Thompson celebrated the birth of Viola Meynell, and in it the words seem to flutter like the angels of Fra Angelico's pictures. In addition to his poetry Thompson wrote a magnificent and heavily loaded prose. The most famous of his essays is that which he wrote on Shelley. Much that he says in it might with equal truth be applied to his own verse.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind: and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;

(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silver chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover—
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
  In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
  Seems something, something that replies;
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
  With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
    Let me greet you lip to lip,
    Let me twine with you caresses,
      Wantoning
    With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
      Banqueting
    With her in her wind-walled palace,
    Underneath her azured daïs,
    Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
      From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
      So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
    I knew all the swift importings
    On the wilful face of skies;
    I knew how the clouds arise
    Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
      All that's born or dies
    Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;
    With them joyed and was bereaven.
    I was heavy with the even,
    When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drought;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noisèd feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours

And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
  Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
  Be dunged with rotten death?

    Now of that long pursuit
    Comes on at hand the bruit;
  That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
    "And is thy earth so marred,
    Shattered in shard on shard?
  Lo! all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
  Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
  How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
  Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
  Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
  Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
  All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
  Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

    Halts by me that footfall:
    Is my gloom, after all,
  Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
    "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
    I am He Whom thou seekest!
  Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

ASSUMPTA MARIA

Thou needst not make new songs, but say the old.
—COWLEY.

"Mortals, that behold a Woman
Rising 'twixt the Moon and Sun;
Who am I the heavens assume? an
All am I, and I am one.

"Multitudinous ascend I,
Dreadful as a battle arrayed,
For I bear you whither tend I;
Ye are I: be undismayed!
I, the Ark that for the graven
Tables of the Law was made;
Man's own heart was one; one, Heaven;
Both within my womb were laid.
For there Anteros with Eros,
Heaven with man, conjoinèd was,—
Twin-stone of the Law, *Ischyros,*
Agios Athanatos.

"I, the flesh-girt Paradises
Gardenered by the Adam new,
Daintied o'er with dear devices
Which He loveth, for He grew.
I, the boundless strict Savannah
Which God's leaping feet go through;
I, the Heaven whence the Manna,
Weary Israel, slid on you!

He the Anteros and Eros,
I the body, He the Cross;
He upbeareth me, *Ischyros,*
Agios Athanatos!

"I am Daniel's mystic Mountain,
Whence the mighty stone was rolled;
I am the four Rivers' Fountain,
Watering Paradise of old;
Cloud down-raining the Just One am,
Danae of the Shower of Gold;
I the Hostel of the Sun am;
He the Lamb, and I the Fold.
He the Anteros and Eros,
I the body, He the Cross;
He is fast to me, *Ischyros,*
Agios Athanatos!

"I, the Presence-hall where Angels
Do enwheel their placèd King—
Even my thoughts which, without change else,
Cyclic burn and cyclic sing.
To the hollow of Heaven transplanted,
I a breathing Eden spring,
Where with venom all outpanted
Lies the slimed Curse shrivelling.
For the brazen Serpent clear on
That old fangèd knowledge shone;
I to Wisdom rise, *Ischyron,*
Agion Athanaton!

"Then commanded and spake to me
He who framed all things that be;
And my Maker entered through me,
In my tent His rest took He.

Lo! He standeth, Spouse and Brother,
I to Him, and He to me,
Who upraised me where my mother
Fell, beneath the apple-tree.
Risen 'twixt Anteros and Eros,
Blood and Water, Moon and Sun,
He upbears me, He *Ischyros,*
I bear Him, the *Athanaton!*"

Where is laid the Lord arisen?
In the light we walk in gloom;
Though the Sun has burst his prison,
We know not his biding-room.
Tell us where the Lord sojourneth,
For we find an empty tomb.
"Whence He Sprung, there He returneth,
Mystic Sun,—the Virgin's Womb."
Hidden Sun, His beams so near us,
Cloud-enpillared as He was
From of old, there He, *Ischyros,*
Waits our search, *Athanatos.*

Who is She, in candid vesture,
Rushing up from out the brine?
Treading with resilient gesture
Air, and with that Cup divine?
She in us and we in her are,
Beating Godward: all that pine,
Lo, a wonder and a terror—
The Sun hath blushed the Sea to Wine!
He the Anteros and Eros,
She the Bride and Spirit; for
Now the days of promise near us,
And the Sea shall be no more.

Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,
That the King may enter thee!
At all gates the clangours gurge in,
God's paludament lightens, see!
Camp of Angels! Well, we even
Of this thing may doubtful be,—
If thou art assumed to Heaven,
Or is Heaven assumed to thee!
Consummatum. Christ the promised,
Thy maiden realm, is won, O Strong!
Since to such sweet Kingdom comest,
Remember me, poor Thief of Song!

Cadent fails the stars along:—
Mortals, that behold a woman
Rising 'twixt the Moon and Sun;
Who am I the heavens assume? an
All am I, and I am one.

TO A POET BREAKING SILENCE

Too wearily had we and song
Been left to look and left to long,
Yea, song and we to long and look,
Since thine acquainted feet forsook
The mountain where the Muses hymn
For Sinai and the Seraphim.
Now in both the mountains' shine
Dress thy countenance, twice divine!
From Moses and the Muses draw
The tables of thy double Law!
His rod-born fount and Castaly
Let the one rock bring forth for thee,

Renewing so from either spring
The songs which both thy countries sing:
Or we shall fear lest, heavened thus long,
Thou should'st forget thy native song,
And mar thy mortal melodies
With broken stammer of the skies.

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

Thy childhood must have felt the stings
Of too divine o'ershadowings;
Its odorous heart have been a blossom
That in darkness did unbosom,
Those fire-flies of God to invite,
Burning spirits, which by night
Bear upon their laden wing
To such hearts impregnating.
For flowers that night-wings fertilize
Mock down the stars' unsteady eyes,
And with a happy, sleepless glance
Gaze the moon out of countenance.
I think thy girlhood's watchers must
Have took thy folded songs on trust,
And felt them, as one feels the stir
Of still lightnings in the hair,

When conscious hush expects the cloud
To speak the golden secret loud
Which tacit air is privy to;
Flasked in the grape the wine they knew,
Ere thy poet mouth was able
For its first young starry babble.
Keep'st thou not yet that subtle grace?
Yea, in this silent interspace,
God sets His poems in thy face!

The loom which mortal verse affords,
Out of weak and mortal words,
Wovest thou thy singing-weed in,
To a rune of thy far Eden.
Vain are all disguises! Ah,
Heavenly *incognita!*
Thy mien bewrayeth through that wrong
The great Uranian House of Song!
As the vintages of earth
Taste of the sun that riped their birth,
We know what never-cadent Sun
Thy lampèd clusters throbbed upon,
What plumèd feet the winepress trod;
Thy wine is flavorous of God.
Whatever singing-robe thou wear
Has the Paradisal air;
And some gold feather it has kept
Shows what Floor it lately swept!

THE MAKING OF VIOLA

I

The Father of Heaven.

Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola.

Angels.

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola!

II

The Father of Heaven.

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels.

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola!

III

The Father of Heaven.

Scoop, young Jesùs, for her eyes,
Wood-browned pools of Paradise—
Young Jesus, for the eyes,
For the eyes of Viola.

Angels.

Tint, Prince Jesus, a
Duskèd eye for Viola!

IV

The Father of Heaven.

Cast a star therein to drown,
Like a torch in cavern brown,
Sink a burning star to drown
Whelmed in eyes of Viola.

Angels.

Lave, Prince Jesus, a
Star in eyes of Viola!

V

The Father of Heaven.

Breathe, Lord Paraclete,
To a bubbled crystal meet—
Breathe, Lord Paraclete—
Crystal soul for Viola.

Angels.

Breathe, Regal Spirit, a
Flashing soul for Viola!

VI

The Father of Heaven.

Child-angels, from your wings
Fall the roseal hoverings,
Child-angels, from your wings,
On the cheeks of Viola.

Angels.

Linger, rosy reflex, a
Quenchless stain, on Viola!

VII

All things being accomplished, saith the Father of Heaven:

Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
Bear her down on spyless wing,
Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
With a sound of viola.

Angels.

Music as her name is, a
Sweet sound of Viola!

VIII

Wheeling angels, past espial,
Danced her down with sound of viol;
Wheeling angels, past espial,
Descanting on "Viola."

Angels.

Sing, in our footing, a
Lovely lilt of "Viola!"

IX

Baby smiled, mother wailed,
Earthward while the sweetling sailed;
Mother smiled, baby wailed,
When to earth came Viola.

And her elders shall say:
So soon have we taught you a
Way to weep, poor Viola!

x

Smile, sweet baby, smile,
For you will have weeping-while;
Native in your Heaven is smile,—
But your weeping, Viola?

Whence your smiles we know, but ah!
Whence your weeping, Viola?—
Our first gift to you is a
Gift of tears, my Viola!

Agnes Tobin

Miss Tobin was born in San Francisco, but her literary life was spent in London, where she gained the enthusiastic admiration of such exacting judges of letters as Arthur Symons, Sir Edmund Gosse, Alice Meynell and Joseph Conrad. The author of *Under Western Eyes,* in dedicating his book to her, paid his tribute to "her genius for friendship," and the charm of Agnes Tobin's personality inspired what is perhaps Mrs. Meynell's best-known poem, "The Shepherdess."

Agnes Tobin's talent lies mainly in the rare accomplishment of translation, which is always the proof of the most consummate literary skill. On the strength of her rendering of Petrarch—the only one that brings to life in English the passionate beauty of the original—Mr. Yeats pronounced her to be the finest poet that America has produced since Whitman. A translation that Miss Tobin made of Racine's *Phèdre,* which all who have seen it agree was superb, seems to be lost. But the dedicatory poem of the book, with its magnificent close, survives and appears here in print for the first time. The translations of Milton's Italian poems were privately printed in San Francisco.

SONNETS FROM *MADONNA LAURA*

XXXVIII

That sun which ran before me all the way,
  And showed me all the short cuts and the turns,
  Was drawn into the Sun of Suns, and burns
Whiter in that white glory day by day.
I feel along the hedges now and stray,
  Oftentimes faint, and fall: you see one learns
  The ways of darkness slowly. Love returns
Sometimes, and leads me near the flowering may—
Carries my heavy heart that stifles me,
  And says: "Now I will take you everywhere
That you have been with her. Nay, haply she
  Is running down some heavenly thoroughfare,
And if we listen, we shall hear, maybe,
  Her silver sandals ring on the soft air."

LIII

(Laura's House)

Is this the nest in which my Phœnix dressed
  Daily in all her gold and rosy things,
  Folding my heart in shadow of her wings
To listen to its clamour near her breast?
O root of my dear sickness, let me rest!
  O sweet face, whence God's light its glory flings!
  O parted mouth, wherefor my darkness rings!
O mouth, O face, Earth knew you for her best;
And therefore Earth is mournful for your sake.
  Look upon me you left alone, Unwise!—

And bondsman to the things these walls awake.
  Night on the hills where your bright footprint lies,
The hills which you for awful hills forsake,
  The hills which knew the daybreak of your eyes.

LXXX

Death even cannot shadow that bright face,
  But those bright eyes irradiate his dim crown;
  What other torchlight need I to go down
The awful brink of that ambiguous place?
And who is this that yearns to my embrace,
  And shows, to try to comfort me, the brown
  Arms of His Cross—His blood that like a gown
Masks all His Godhead from the Angelic race?
His heavenly footfall felled the Tartarus gate;
  Therefore come, Death; thy coming will be dear;
    Do not hang back, for it is time to go.
Now she is gone, you know I cannot wait;
  My soul is in her footprints; they are clear
    And wind straight downward to the Shades below.

LXXXV

(The Poet is exulting in the hope of the time when, his Lady's hair being white, he shall be able to show her all his heart, but Death overhearing becomes jealous and takes her)

You'll come at last to my great feasting place,
  Then when your hair is whiter than the curd,
  All my quick dreams, gold-clad and ermine-furred,
Shall move in strange stiff figures like old lace;
My awful warriors shall fill all space

(I spoke quite low: alas! Death overheard),
My myriad Desires, mailed and spurred,
And lift their lances when they see your face:
And all the while, on slow ethereal wings,
From sweet, remote, cold places in the air,
My kisses will come floating down, and rest—
Some on your hands, among your great-eyed rings,
Some at your feet, some on your carven chair;
And a slow sigh will stir your quiet breast.

FROM THE *ITALIAN POEMS OF JOHN MILTON*

As in the wild hills, when the dark is near,
The little goatherd shuts her wattled fold
And runs to tend against the stealthy cold
Some beautiful, strange, feeble herb that, here
Transplanted, pineth, missing from the Year
Its own young mother Spring and its own wold;
So the bright gardener with his tools of gold,
Eros, goes tending in my breast these clear
And flowering foreign words. He bids me change
For lovely Arno my own lovely Thames,
Sing in this tongue your praises, and estrange
My wondering people. These engrafted stems,
These clinging things from heaven strike so deep—
Oh, might my breast some icy numbness keep!

TO CELIA

(My Sister—in California)

What do I think of at El Palomar?
Of waving curtains—stiff, brocaded, blue,
Hiding and showing what those fruit trees are
That float in blossom on the grass and dew;

Of cornflower skies and blue birds on the wing,
And cries of newborn lambs upon the air;
And of your quiet words that coo and sing,
And of the red lights in your chestnut hair.

What does this heavy verse of mine that grieves
(O soft ewe, with thy lambs against thy side!)
Where blue birds flash among the laurel leaves
And all thy doe-like thoughts and loves abide?

Even as strange creatures from afar were brought,
Garlanded for the sacrifice—and cast
Upon Love's altar and the people thought
That Love, a child, was honoured—so at last

I bring you the strange tale how Phædra died;
She that was broken upon fangs of steel,
And strained her splendid head from side to side,
And wept the while the goddess turned the wheel.

Alys Fane Trotter

Mrs. Trotter is best known through the books which she wrote and illustrated in South Africa; one on *Old Cape Colony* and another with notes on pictures of *Old Colonial Houses of the Cape*. In these pioneer books she introduced the public to the beauty of the old Dutch colonial architecture. She is by profession an artist in decorative work, but she writes poems from time to time and has published two volumes of verse, *Nigel and Other Poems* and *Houses and Dreams*.

THE WATERING POOL

The pool where horses come to drink
Is filled with roses to the brink.

Behind the roses a grey wall,
And crowns of thatch above it all.
The picture falls contrary-wise
Upon the trembling river skies;
And cattle step on shadowy moons
That shine on summer afternoons.

The strong white bull walks out and goes
Snuffling the water with his nose;
Making the trailing roses wink,
Gulping the clouds in his great drink,
Trampling upon the walls and thatch,
Churning the wooden door and latch.
"Come up!" they cry, and twitch his ring,
And lead him back upon a string.

Wildly the horses gallop out;
How they do kick and push about!
One shoves the other to be first
And guzzle off his summer thirst.
Those nomad things with Roman features,
Are they the willing patient creatures
Who dragged the thrown wood up the banks
With straining muscles and hot flanks?

Blinkers perhaps it was or bridle
Made them look gentle. See them sidle
And stamp, and clop, and snort, and thud,
And fill the watering pool with mud.
The flowery wall, the smooth brown roofs
Break into bits beneath their hoofs;
The hollyhocks, the paths of stone,
The horses drink them every one.

Now it's all over. Stand and watch.
Shyly creep back the house and thatch.
Geraniums at the window pane
Steady themselves and come again.
Quivering trees their heads uplift.
Petals fall down and slowly drift.
The pool where all the horses drink
Is filled with roses to the brink.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

They asked me for my oil, and so I gave it.
Theirs had been wasted, and they wept outside.
How could I measure it, or hoard or save it?
Waiting, they might have died.

If I were sure their lights were those that lasted;
That they were safe amidst the warmth and song;
That they had bread and wine although I fasted;
Night would not seem so long.

I think their lamps burned well; they flared and kindled
As they passed up along the winding stair,
Before the door was closed. Mine drooped and dwindled
As I stood waiting there.

Katharine Tynan

1861-

Mrs. Tynan Hinkson was born in Clondalkin, near Dublin. Her first volume of verse was published in 1885, since when she has written a long series of novels and a couple of delightful volumes of reminiscences. She remains, however, a poet before everything else.

FAREWELL

Not soon shall I forget—a sheet
Of golden water, cold and sweet,
The young moon with her head in veils
Of silver, and the nightingales.

A wain of hay came up the lane—
O fields I shall not walk again,
And trees I shall not see, so still
Against a sky of daffodil!

Fields where my happy heart had rest,
And where my heart was heaviest,
I shall remember them at peace
Drenched in moon-silver like a fleece.

The golden water sweet and cold,
The moon of silver and of gold,
The dew upon the gray grass-spears,
I shall remember them with tears.

THE OLD LOVE

Out of my door I step into
The country, all her scent and dew,
Nor travel there by a hard road,
Dusty and far from my abode.

The country washes to my door
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,
The thunder of the woods, and then
The backwash of green surf again.

Beyond the feverfew and stocks,
The guelder-rose and hollyhocks;
Outside my trellised porch a tree
Of lilac frames a sky for me.

A stretch of primrose and pale green
To hold the tender Hesper in;
Hesper that by the moon makes pale
Her silver keel and silver sail.

The country silence wraps me quite,
Silence and song and pure delight;
The country beckons all the day
Smiling, and but a step away.

This is that country seen across
How many a league of love and loss,
Prayed for and longed for, and as far
As fountains in the desert are.

This is that country at my door,
Whose fragrant airs run on before,
And call me when the first birds stir
In the green wood to walk with her.

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;

All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet:
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

Edward Walsh

1805-1850

Edward Walsh was born at Derry in Ireland. He taught in various towns in the country until Gavan Duffy, recognizing his talent, got him appointed sub-editor of the *Monitor*. In 1848 he became schoolmaster to the younger convicts on Spike Island, and in the following year was transferred to a similar position in Cork workhouse. But he died within twelve months.

ON THE COLD SOD THAT'S O'ER YOU

(From the Gaelic)

When the folk of my household
  Suppose I am sleeping,
On the cold sod that's o'er you
  The lone watch I'm keeping.
My fondest, my fairest,
  We may now sleep together!
I've the cold earth's damp odour,
  And I'm worn from the weather.

Remember the lone night
  I last spent with you, Love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree
  When the icy wind blew, Love.
High praise to thy Saviour
  No sin-stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
  Shines brightly around you.

The priests and the friars
  Are ceaselessly chiding
That I love a young maiden
  In life not abiding.
O! I'd shelter and shield you
  If wild storms were swelling!
And O, my wrecked hope,
  That the cold earth's your dwelling!

1875-

Mr. Walsh was born in Brooklyn, where he still resides. He is a graduate of Georgetown University and took his Doctorate at Columbia University. He is an authority on the subject of Spanish literature. Since its foundation, he has been an Associate Editor of the *Commonweal*.

AD ASTRA

Love, you are late,—
  Yea, while the rose leaves fall
  In showers against the moonlit garden-wall
My firm hand bars the gate.
The nightingale
  Has worn himself with pleading;
  The fountain's silvered tears are interceding,
But what is their avail?

Love, you are late,—
  Long stood the postern wide
  With all my morning-glories twined; inside
Bird called to bird for mate.
Noon and the sun—
  The loves of bees and flowers;
  With folded hands unclaimed I marked the hours
That saw my youth undone.

Then evening star
  And coming of the moon!
  Ah, not too soon, my soul, ah, not too soon
Broke their soft grace afar!

All consecrate
I chose my white path there,
And took the withered roses from my hair—
Love, you are late,—too late!

THE BLIND

At midnight, through my dream, the signals dread
From star to star, brought word the sun was dead.
It seemed as though entire creation heard
Yet gave no answer,—neither call of bird
Nor low of cattle; but the townsfolk crept
In silence to their roof-tops. No man slept,
But merchant, bondman, prince and scribe and priest,
Their faces haggard, searched the fateful East.
Down from the hillsides to the city gates
No market-wains came rumbling with their freights:
No sentry's voice along the citadel
Announced the hour; no matin peal or knell
From dome or campanile; not a sail
Stirred in the harbor offing. Then a wail
Despairing swept across the roofs, a sigh
O'er land and sea, as slowly on the sky
The sun's black bulk between the stars uprose—
One sigh of astral grief, and at its close
Came silence once again more terrible.
'Twas then, methought, a new-born infant cried;
And where the gates stood open gaunt and wide
A blind man crouched and stretched his empty palms
Into the darkness and moaned, "Alms! Alms!"

LA PRECIOSA

On the marches of Pamplona—out to sun and wind and star—
Lift the airy spires and turrets of the kings of old Navarre;
Where the endless dirge is chanted o'er their alabaster tombs,
And the Canons drowse in scarlet mid the incense and the glooms.
Daily came the little goatherd Mariquita, lithe and brown,
Through the dusty gates to jangle with her flock across the town,
Lounging barefoot through the alleys and the squares at milking hour;
Calling shrilly round the doorway and the cloister by the tower.
There amid the ancient portal blazoned o'er with angels rare
Sculptured stands La Preciosa crowned upon her daïs fair,
Whilst upon her breast the Infant turns with smiling eyes to look
On the lesson she is reading in her graceful little book.
There the tousled country urchin used to come and shout in play—
"Mary, Mary, neighbor Mary,—watch the Child while I'm away"—
When—so read the Chapter annals—from the stone would come reply
With a gentle nod of greeting,—"Mariquita dear, good-by."

Till the Canon Don Arnaldo, passing when his mass was o'er,
Heard that banter so unseemly at La Preciosa's door,
Little knowing in his wisdom that the Virgin meek and mild
Answered through the stony image to the greeting of the child.
"When again you pray Our Lady, cease," he said, "your idle sport;
Kneel as though the queen or duchess passed you on her way to court;
Clasp your hands and bow your forehead as more humble words you say
Such as—"Heavenly Queen and Empress, House of Gold, to thee I pray."
Mindful of the solemn lesson Mariquita half-afraid
Ever, as the good old Canon taught her, clasped her hands and prayed;
Bowed in rustic salutation, ended with a long Amen—
But in stone the Virgin listened,—never smiled nor spoke again.

William Walsh

1891-

Mr. Walsh was born in Waterbury, Conn., and grew up there, working as a high school reporter on the Waterbury *American* in 1907. Afterwards he worked on several newspapers, including the Hartford *Times* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, until 1917. In the interim he had graduated from Yale. He taught for a year at the Hartford Public High School, and since 1919 has been head of the English Department at the Roxbury School, Cheshire, Connecticut.

GETHSEMANE

His white hand rested on an olive tree.
He leaned a moment, wiping from His brow
The moisture from the climbing of the hill.
Sad unto death, He slowly raised His head.
The olive leaves were a strange dusky silver;
The groping starlight clung to them; all seemed
Dreamlike, unreal, yet too real for dreams.

The Son of Man looked down where Peter slept,
Peter and James and John, and gravely smiled
That even flesh so strong should be so weak.
He knew His hour was near. The sigh He breathed
Came back with some familiar redolence
Long past, that of a flower near Nazareth.
It summoned homely roofs, the loneliness
Of boyhood, the shrill whine of saws in beams,
Kind voices, human sounds that wove themselves
Into a childish human consciousness,
Dreaming the awful reveries of God.
Life seemed a jewel in the hand of death,
A brief dear boon, full of the beautiful
That dies in sunsets and in all farewells.
He knew what Never meant—that aching word
Heavy with loss, most musical with grief,
Grief for the stones His feet would press no more—
Never the pungent smell of olives crushed,
Never the clover where the grass was rich,
Never tall lilies, crimsoning at dawn,
Never the fresh ripe grapes at vintage time,
Never the fat figs rounding in the sun,
Never the mumbled blessings of the poor,

The timid touch of Mary's hand on His,
The clean night wind among the barren thorns,
The friendliness of near, white, dazzling stars,
The balm of work, the ecstasy of prayer—
No more, no more—the Son of Man must die.

He knelt. His strong hands met above His head
While long and long He prayed; not as men pray,
But lost in silence melting into God.
So still He lay, His body might have died
Pouring its spirit in the warm spring air
Like incense on the altar of the world . . .
The whirling skies were mute; the night stood still.
Above a distant ocean throb he heard
In rhythm with the Pulse that sped the suns,
Slow time unraveling from eternity,
Time, like a thread unwound from the robes of God.
He saw His sheep dispersed. The pagan night
Descended on His tomb. The banqueters
Lay under falling roses, drunk with wine
And kisses, mad with impious despair,
And laughed His words away. Nero He saw,
And Elagabalus and Julian,
And old Rome's grandeur tottering down the years
To be the compost heap where presently
Should spring the perfect flower of Christian hope,
Sudden and strange, miraculously fair.
Swart cities, in the light crepuscular
That smoothed their ugliness, grew kind and gay,
Lifting on spires against the pearly skies
The rich dark promise of the Cross; and Christ
Could see it borne, stained red with martyrs' blood,
To mountain wilds, dank rivers tropical,
Oceans of ice, and deserts cursed with heat,

Till all the globe was girt with charity,
And men who had been worse than beasts aspired
(Like spiders striving up from star to star,
Falling and bruised, to rise and climb again)
To stand before the very throne of God.

But slinking at their heels, to filch their souls,
Prowled evil shapes, the legions of despair.
In Christ's sweet name men slew their fellow men,
And stole their children's land. For God's dear sake,
His own, whom He had said the world would hate,
Fell victims to the world. Old hard-faced kings,
Professing Christ, drove crafty bargainings
To make the Church of Christ their servitor;
They kept Christ's vicar in a golden cage,
And foul joy reigned in Hell. Seeing the Church
The pawn of greed, the toy of lustful power,
The prince of evil trained more subtle wiles
Against the gates of God. He puffed with pride
The one-eyed zealots and heresiarchs
Who with their sifted questionings and doubts
Blinded the sheep, and starved them on dry husks
Of what had been a faith, dissecting here
And patching there, till Christendom was split
In sects and sects and splinterings of sects,
And neighbors hated with a heathen hate,
While wolves in garb of sheep with fawning words
Dissolved Christ's teachings to fantastic lies,
Explaining Him away in His own name.
Blood stained the smug and greedy days of peace,
And blood cried out for blood in fiendish wars
Made ten times murderous by scientists
Whose godless wisdom shut from their hard hearts
The truth revealed to innocence and love,

Till in remote sophisticated times
Old Moloch leered above the gory earth
In that last war of wars, red pagan hordes
Against the unconquerable Cross; and cities
Built of steel were wilderness again
Where piped the screech owl to a withered moon
Sick with the memories of Babylon
And quiet worms feasting on the hearts of queens.

Sin, sin that steals away the sleep of men,
Where will you lay your burden? How will God
Compound so great a guilt, unless He feel
Man's infinite remorse? And how shall God
Bear shame unless He stoop to share man's fall?
Here on this silent solitary back
Pile up your disillusioned agonies
Even to shroud the stars; no other back
Is innocent enough to bear them all . . .
All foulnesses that germinated deep
In the still womb of time—anger and pride;
Lust, the mother of fear; and envy, small
And poisonous; dull, slothful ignorance,
Blind avarice, that wizens up the soul—
All frailties of men, Lord Jesus knew
And pitied, knowing hate was love turned sour,
And even greed perverted piety.
He was the purse-proud sybarite, the thief,
The slayer and the slain, the slanderer
And those he slandered; yes, the painted drab
Who slouched and shivered past some tavern door
Accursed and laughed at—He could love the good
Deep trodden in her heart, and knew its ache,
And how the lust and cruelty of men

Had twisted her poor soul. All human guilt,
All misery was His, all weariness,
When "Father," He cried, "Thy will, not Mine, be done!"
Then tortured, scourged, stretched through the void of night
Upon a cross that wracked the universe
From pit to unimagined heights of heaven,
He was the battlefield of life and death.
Time shriveled, and eternity was now;
Space crumbled, and the here was everywhere.
The whole creation groaned and parched with thirst,
And life moved swift and terrible to God,
And death gave up the ghost.

Now from His pain emerged a holy peace,
Serene, free, luminous and innocent,
The peace of God. Now kind hands bore Him up
To solitudes where nothing reigned but Love.
He was the light that kindled all the suns.
The little moons revolved beneath His feet.
The gemmed night veiled the glory of His face.
His thought was music, grave, majestical.
A flawless beauty was the air He breathed.
His heart was warmed with all-wise innocence,
And all things sang His praise.

With a great sigh that like an autumn wind
Passed shivering through the stars and saddened them,
The God bowed down again to mortal need,
Put off His glory and took up the cross
Of aching flesh, of hands that nails would pierce.
The cool night air brought to him hollowly

The sound of many voices. Torches glowed
Far down the slope. He walked with thoughtful steps
To meet the crowd, and when one came, He smiled,
And called poor Judas by the name of friend.

Leo Ward

1890?-

Mr. Ward is the son of Wilfrid Ward, who was for many years the editor of the *Dublin Review*. He is now living in London.

THE LAST COMMUNION

(In Memory of my Father, Wilfrid Ward.)

There is a time wherein eternity
Takes rest upon the world: King Charity
Bowed to our fallen state, the God of Grace
Made visible upon a human face:—
When the deep Harmony, the eternal Word,
The unfallen Wisdom, only love has heard,
Touches the troubled body, bruised and hard
With the long fight, yet now set heavenward,—
When the deep argument of souls must cease,
Dying, to meet the victory of peace!

Oscar Wilde

1856-1900

Strange as it may seem, the first verses of Oscar Wilde were published in Catholic magazines. And equally strange to many people is the fact that the author of *Salomé* died penitent and a

Catholic. But the strangeness is not so great as it may appear to be. Wilde, like Beardsley, who also became a Catholic, was by nature a mystic. He was warned early in life by the wise Irish Jesuit Father Matthew Russell that his only spiritual home could be the Catholic Church. Having rejected the Faith, it was not surprising that a man of his temperament should explore every perversity in thought and act before, as a broken man, he ended where he should have begun.

THEOCRITUS

(A Villanelle)

O singer of Persephone!
  In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
  Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O singer of Persephone!

Simætha calls on Hecate
  And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
  Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate;
O Singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
  Young Daphnis challenges his mate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
  For thee the jocund shepherds wait;
O Singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

REQUIESCAT

Tread lightly, she is near
  Under the snow;
Speak gently, she can hear
  The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
  Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
  Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
  She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
  Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
  Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone,
  She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
  Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
  Heap earth upon it.

"AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA"

Was this His coming! I had hoped to see
A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
Of some great God who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars and fell on Danaë:

Or a dread vision as when Semelē,
Sickening for love and unappeased desire,
Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire
Caught her brown limbs and slew her utterly.
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand
Before this supreme mystery of Love:
Some kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
An angel with a lily in his hand,
And over both the white wings of a Dove.

FROM *THE BALLAD OF READING JAIL*

There is no chapel on the day
  On which they hang a man:
The chaplain's heart is far too sick,
  Or his face is far too wan,
Or there is that written in his eyes
  Which none should look upon.

So they kept close till nigh on noon,
  And then they rang the bell,
And the warders with their jingling keys
  Opened each listening cell,
And down the iron stairs we tramped,
  Each from his separate Hell.

Out into God's sweet air we went,
  But not in wonted way,
For this man's face was white with fear,
  And that man's face was grey,
And I never saw sad men who looked
  So wistfully at the day.

I never saw sad men who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
We prisoners call the sky,
And at every careless cloud that passed
In happy freedom by.

The warders strutted up and down,
And kept their herd of brutes,
Their uniforms were spick and span,
And they wore their Sunday suits,
But we knew the work they had been at,
By the quicklime on their boots.

For where a grave had opened wide,
There was no grave at all:
Only a stretch of mud and sand
By the hideous prison wall,
And a little heap of burning lime,
That the man should have his pall.

For he has a pall, this wretched man,
Such as few men can claim:
Deep down below a prison-yard,
Naked for greater shame,
He lies with fetters on each foot,
Wrapped in a sheet of flame!

And all the while the burning lime
Eats flesh and bone away;
It eats the brittle bone by night,
And the soft flesh by day;
It eats the flesh and bone by turns,
But it eats the heart alway.

For three long years they will not sow
Or root or seedling there:
For three long years the unblessed spot
Will sterile be and bare,
And look upon the wondering sky
With unreproachful stare.

They think a murderer's heart would taint
Each simple seed they sow.
It is not true! God's kindly earth
Is kindlier than men know,
And the red rose would but blow more red,
The white rose whiter blow.

Out of his mouth a red, red rose;
Out of his heart a white!
For who can say by what strange way
Christ brings His will to light,
Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore
Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?

But neither milk-white rose nor red
May bloom in prison air;
The shard, the pebble and the flint,
Are what they give us there:
For flowers have been known to heal
A common man's despair.

So never will wine-red rose or white,
Petal by petal, fall
On that stretch of mud and sand that lies
By the hideous prison wall,
To tell the men who tramp the yard
That God's Son died for all.

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